Body and Soul.

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.

PLIN. *Epist.*

FOURTH EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

VOL. I

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TO HER,

WHOSE CONFIDENCE ANIMATES THE WEAK.

NERVES THE STRONG, AND CONFIRMS THE DOUBTFUL:

TO HER,

WHOSE SMILE SOOTHES AFFLICTION,

ELEVATES DESPONDENCY, AND ANTICIPATES HAPPINESS;

AND TO HER,

WHO, UNITING THE QUALITIES OF HER SISTERS,

IRRADIATES THE BREAST,

AND DIFFUSES THROUGH THE WORLD

THE SUNSHINE OF RELIGIOUS PERFECTION;

IS THIS WORK DEDICATED;

WHICH ENDEAVOURS TO SET FORTH THE ENDOWMENTS

OF THESE,

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES,

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

PREFACE.

It is the fashion of the age in which we live to mistake the outward show of seriousness and gloominess of deportment for the effect of true religion, and to determine on the merits and demerits of all "who call themselves Christians" by their professions and appearance, without sufficient regard to principles and doctrine. Hence it is, that one part of the Evangelical world excludes from the pale of genuine religion all who have a cheerfulness of manner, and a liveliness of spirit; because, they say, these are signs of a carnal and unconverted mind. In like manner they are anathematized as stran-

gers to the heritage of God, who conform with those necessary usages of the world, and comply with those innocent amusements and customs of society, which give a zest to the more serious "things which belong to their peace." Others there are, not only Members but Ministers of the Church, who, either from want of sufficient firmness, or from an overstrained notion of charity, concede, by piecemeal, the good and wholesome doctrines of primitive times, in compliance with the sickly taste of the age, and embrace in one bond of brotherly love even those who abjure the very key-stone of the "faith delivered to the Saints;" whilst those to whom such concessions have been made are ready, like wise and calculating politicians, to convert such admissions to their own advantage, and use them as engines by which they may eventually sap the very foundation upon which the Establishment is built.

It becomes, therefore, an imperious duty, urgently incumbent upon all friends, and particularly upon the Ministers of the English Church, to use their endeavours to stem this tide of innovation and perversity, which at first wound its way like a silent streamlet, but is now sweeping its current broadly and rapidly, and unless timely checked by those mounds and barriers which it requires only inclination and industry to raise, will burst out into a wild and ungovernable torrent of ruin and inundation.

It is an alarming truth, that every year witnesses some attempt to undermine the Establishment, which, however built upon the Rock of Ages, must crumble away unless duly and properly defended: for unless we wake from our lethargy, and resist firmly, temperately, and charitably these innovations, they will end, in the course of events, in the subversion of

every thing that is orthodox, venerable, and established.

The object of this work is to explain the doctrines of Christianity, as embodied in the Articles of our Church, in the most attractive manner, and in a way to excite the attention of Readers who would not otherwise be induced to enter into the consideration of these subjects; as well as to offer a defence of our Liturgy, our Clergy, and our Ritual. And in doing this, our readers must bear in mind, what the title imports, that the work, from its very nature, whilst it makes the faith of Jesus its corner-stone, necessarily has something for the body. Light incidents, and occasionally a less serious style, are employed to attract those to subjects of deeper interest, who, otherwise, might not deign to bestow a thought, much less an hour's reading, upon a book exclusively religious. We wish, therefore, to be judged by this

standard, and desire critics not to forget, that we are writing for the Body in order to be serviceable to the Soul. And we beg it most unequivocally to be understood that nothing in it is intended as personal — nothing is designed to be offensive to those whose opinions are at variance with it — nothing is aimed at but the wish to support the ancient faith and practice of our venerable Church; that while open violence is threatening without, and cowardice and weakness are spreading within, all who value the Establishment, in the spirit of Christian charity, will not only hold fast their faith, but evidence to others its effect upon their hearts and conversation; and that while the serious and sound-minded find in these volumes matter for useful consideration, the less devout may derive that amusement which may lead to something higher and more substantial; and while the wavering and unsteady may be

induced to consider and re-model their principles, all may at length present that lovely and heavenly picture which exists now only in a distant expectation of "one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ."

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OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE TOWN RECTOR.

Dr. Freeman was Rector of one of those overgrown parishes, which, in some of the large mercantile and manufacturing towns of this kingdom, are more productive of population than income. His consisted of a very large flock, whose sentiments on the subject of religion and politics were mixed and widely divided. The political body admitted of three distinctions: those who were Ministerial, those who were adverse to the Administration, and those who were friendly to no Government; which latter description doubled the other two. The religious body, which was composed of about half the number of the whole population, was divided and subdivided into as many, and as distinct, parts as the sermons of many eminent, ancient divines: those who were of Dr. Freeman's opinions, were to others of a contrary persuasion in proportion of about one to twelve.

The Doctor, however, who was held in high esteem, both as a scholar and a man of sound judgment, had entered upon his charge with a determination to keep clear of all political parties,—to support the orthodox tenets of his faith and calling,—and to cultivate by affability of manners and liberality of sentiments, a friendly intercourse with the respectable part of his parishioners, and, if possible, by uniting 'gentleness of manners with firmness of principle,' to gain the regard of them all.

He was warmly and zealously attached to the constitution of the Established Church. At the same time, he never contended that her doctrines were necessarily and exclusively to be received as the *only* means of salvation. He did not arrogate to himself certainty of a right decision; "because," he said, "the Church herself does not lay claim to such infallibility." It was his maxim and practice to exhort every man to embrace those religious principles which, whether promulged by the Church or by any sect of Christians, his reason and conscience jointly approved. It was his earnest desire that every man should firmly adhere to that communion which his unbiassed judgment considered

the most rational, the most holy, and the most consonant with the revealed will of God. And as he freely allowed this liberty to others, he claimed the same for himself. He would say, "It is not because I have been educated in the doctrines of our Church, that I am a member of it, but because, after a deep and anxious investigation of religious truth, I have the most awful conviction on my mind that they are both rational and scriptural, and therefore I embrace and uphold them."

His animadversions were, therefore, rarely pointed at persons or sects: those, however, of his own Church who he conceived had wrested the articles of her faith from their legitimate interpretation, and added to the perversion of them a conduct of austerity as far removed from the genuine spirit of Christianity as it was from the constitution of human nature, had to encounter in him a firm, a rational, and an able opponent. He held in equal abhorrence the puritanical hypocrisy of unlettered inspiration, and the unblushing arrogance of exclusive evangelism. He reprobated that pharisaical reputation at which they aimed who assumed an air of austere gravity, whilst the

countenances of others beamed with that delight which mental composure, the result of Christian charity and faith, shed upon them. "God," he would say, "has thrown over the works of his Creation a thousand unnecessary and superfluous joys, to show man that he has given to him something more than a bare existence; and whilst all the flowers which loaded the gales of Paradise with fragrance invite him to enjoyment, the tree of sin, alone, he may not taste. If the manifestations of the displeasure of God held out in Scripture be so awful as to inspire dread, the declarations of mercy and forgiveness are sufficient to produce love."

The Doctor himself, though a man of piety, and at all times impressed with a deep sense of the awful responsibility of his charge, uniformly declared that it was only by the preservation of his natural cheerfulness, as the fruit of his religious faith, that he could support and go through the various duties of his important profession. While he enjoyed the recreation and delight of intelligent society, and mixed in harmless pleasures, he never lost sight of the "one thing needful." Relaxation of mind he felt to be necessary; for he had read in Æsop,

and learnt from experience, that the bow continually strung loses its power. It was indeed from the source of genuine and vital religion that he derived that pleasurable frame of mind which enabled him either to contribute to hilarity, or partake of the amusements which constituted the essence of elegant and social life. Whenever, but it was seldom, he found himself inclined to yield to despondency or unusual gravity, he uniformly traced it from a conviction of some dereliction of duty, or from some restlessness arising from temporary doubts, that arrayed themselves in opposition to his religious feelings; but when those clouds of despair were removed either by a return to that practical virtue which had been suspended, or by dispelling the obscure mists which concealed the light of religion from his view, happiness again took possession of his mind, and manifested itself in those sallies of cheerfulness and delight, which, by his demeanour and conversation, were communicated to all around him.

He was a man who had been tried by affliction; but his happy temper, and still more happy principles, had elevated him above all distrust: like a sound, well-directed, and sea-

worthy vessel, he majestically rode upon the troubled ocean, despite the perilous storm and dangers of the deep — for, he had experienced and felt the power of religion. He had been a most affectionate husband, and the fondest father; but he was now, alas! neither. His sorrows had obtained for him the sympathy of the good and virtuous; and whilst his calm and dignified resignation had inspired reverence for his character, his urbanity and benevolence had purchased for him universal admiration and esteem.

THE

PHILOSOPHICAL PAINTER.

Dr. Freeman was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Lorraine, an artist of considerable eminence; who, in middle life, had become possessed of great property in the West Indies, bequeathed to him by his only brother, who had acquired it by patient industry, a clear calculating head, and the exercise of a self-denial which had prevented him from enjoying any unnecessary superfluity. He possessed the same habit of industry with his brother; and uniformly devoted the greatest part of his time to his late profession of a painter, seldom leaving his room during the day, and as seldom failing to pass his evenings either in reading or astronomical observation, and not unfrequently in writing upon scientific subjects. He was a man of great natural genius; but as in his earlier days it had not been cultivated, it was now his anxious desire, by a late, but an

earnest, diligence, to make up for those advantages, the loss of which he never ceased to deplore. Like a zealous traveller in search of some precious relique, the discovery of which promises to bring with it a great reputation, he was continually racking his brain to discover the hidden treasure, and in consequence of this indefatigable research and exercise of mind, he gave the public many testimonies of considerable talent and unquestionable application. So impressed was he with the superiority of mental endowments, and so greatly did he lament the want of an early cultivation of them in his own case, that he spared no expense to procure those advantages for his two children. His son, after the usual routine of a well-regulated academical education, was sent in his seventeenth year to the University; and was prosecuting with every prospect of high honours and success, studies, not only congenial in every respect with the best feelings of his soul and the bent of his genius, but calculated to call forth all the energies of his talents. These studies he pursued with unwearied assiduity, and an avidity heightened by his earnest desire to realize the high expectation which a doting father had formed of his son's rising

fame. His daughter, his eldest child, now about twenty-two, was not more distinguished by her elegant manners and person, than by a highly cultivated understanding, and a temper naturally sweet and gentle. As her mother had long been numbered with the dead, she was the constant companion of her father, and the pride and delight of his heart; whose tender affection was returned by every act of the most assiduous attention, paid with a cheerfulness of disposition that would have rivetted the fond attachment of one less closely allied to him.

Mr. Lorraine was sitting at the tea-table with his daughter, to whom he was reading and endeavouring to explain a new work upon his favourite amusement of astronomy, when the servant announced Dr. Freeman as a visitor — "My dear Doctor," said he, advancing to meet him, "I am very happy to see you: and the more so, as I have fallen upon a subject somewhat beyond my depth; and I think I may add, Maria will not be less pleased at this agreeable interruption, as I have been occupying her attention for some time with perplexed doubts and calculations, which she has listened to with her

usual patience, more, I apprehend, for my gratification than her own."

"My dear neighbour," replied the Doctor, "you are always happy in your way of making out that I come to you at such seasonable moments as these, though I often suspect you are a sufferer from your politeness: but as I thought you might not be particularly engaged, I am come to drink tea with you, and enjoy your society this evening."

"Indeed," said Maria, "we are always delighted to see you in this friendly way, for there is no one who takes more pleasure in your company and conversation than my father, unless it be myself; for it is perfectly true, that I never enjoy the pleasure of meeting you without deriving some advantage and useful information from your conversation."

"After my death, I wish no other herald,
"No other speaker of my living actions,
"To keep mine honour from corruption,
"But such a *pleasing* chronicler as Griffith!"

said the Doctor. "Come, Miss Lorraine; I must not be made vain by your flattering and partial opinion: but tell me, Sir, (turning to the

father,) what was the subject of your joint meditations when I interrupted them?"

"Why, Doctor," said Mr. Lorraine, "I have, as you see, been taking out my telescope to enjoy a peep at the moon, which presents so brilliant and beautiful an appearance this evening; and in doing this, we have been led to consider her utility, not merely by reflecting the light of the sun to illuminate the night, but by her influence on the sea, causing the ebb and flow of the tides. Now to understand this attraction, it is necessary to consider some few propositions; which, as they are laid down in this book with great brevity, and on the supposition that a previous knowledge has been gained, which in my case has never yet been attained, I must have recourse to you, and request you to favour me with one of your academical lectures to explain the phenomenon. I was the more anxious clearly to comprehend this subject, that I might show Maria the two great purposes which this luminary answers as an attendant upon our earth; and having exhibited these, I would have gone another step further, and deduced the consequence that the myriads of stars which spangle the heavens, if not intended exclusively for the

benefit of this globe, are so many of the superfluous excrescences of creation which the Deity has formed for his own pleasure, or for the manifestation of his power."

"I am quite sure," said the Doctor, "that no one can enter into the contemplation of these things without being persuaded that God is the maker of them all; but to limit the purposes of creation to the supposition that they are for the mere use of man, is too contracted a notion to be entertained by any one who thinks seriously and deeply upon the subject. You cannot doubt that the planets are inhabited by intelligent beings, who, if not formed as we are, are, nevertheless, equally with us, objects of care of the same Providence: nor can you deny that every fixed star is the sun to a system like our own. Can you, then, whilst surveying an universe extending on all sides from and to places that have neither beginning nor ending, studded with worlds and systems innumerable, suppose that our globe, so trifling, so nearly, I had almost said so much less than nothing, in the endless ocean of infinity, is alone inhabited? What says the holy Psalmist, who even on this subject gives us useful and profound information?—

'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, (insignificant as his vices make him in the sight of a Supreme Being,) that thou visitest him!' What is man! Why, certainly man is of more worth than all the stars and all the heavens, if they are without intelligent beings. One rational, living, and immortal soul, is of infinitely greater value than millions of worlds of inanimate, senseless, and dead matter; or than all the matter of the universe. And the supposition, that the universe teeming with wonders is only meant to testify the omnipotence of the Creator, is a notion altogether vain and groundless. Do we not constantly discover myriads of stars, those suns to other systems, at such infinite distances from us, as to make it impossible that they should afford light to us when they are only discernible to our organs of sight, by means of instruments which are constructed with difficulty? And do we not find, that the more perfect such instruments are, the more these wondrous objects multiply, leaving us ground to believe, and to know, that infinite space is

filled with these glorious works—works, not made for the gratification of the Creator, nor for the mere service of man, but constituted by almighty wisdom for great, but inscrutable purposes? Your notions, therefore, may be proved erroneous by the common principles of philosophy in the one case, and by the Bible in the other."

"Now this," said Maria, "precisely confirms my former remark, that I am always deriving information from your conversation, Dr. Freeman; and I must say you possess the happy talent of first convincing the reason or removing the prejudice, and then of bringing home the argument by some such scriptural illustration as puts the matter, in my opinion, entirely at rest. I sincerely wish you could prevail upon my father to blend religious knowledge with his philosophy. That one, who constantly practises so many virtues as he does from principles of an innate benevolence, should be without a knowledge of Christianity, is, to me, an endless source of solicitude."

"My dear child," said Mr. Lorraine, "I am aware that in my education much has been omitted; and I must also admit that the study

of religion has, at no period of my life, formed a part of it,—I mean that system of religion which the Bible maintains. My reading on this subject has been much more extensive; for I have consulted the Book of Nature. Throughout the whole of it I perceive the hand of a divine Author: there I read his omnipotence, his omniscience, and his other great and glorious attributes—there I see his mercy and his love abundantly displayed; and I am led to deduce reasons for believing that he has placed us here to be creatures of happiness; that he has given us a portion of his own ætherial spirit, that shall outlive our mouldering frames in joy, if we answer the purposes of our creation by living here virtuously, by providing for those who are bound to us by the ties of affection, by relieving distress and soothing sorrow, and by transmitting an honourable name to our posterity."

"Yes, my dear father," replied Maria; "but all this which you deduce from the works of the creation is unintelligible to simple and uneducated minds, who, though they may acknowledge the wonders of the visible world, can enter into no such logical deductions for their rule of life: so that neither society nor a

government could exist without some general form of religion. For which reason it is, as Dr. Freeman will tell you, that something more distinct and universal is necessary to be known; which necessary knowledge is revealed by God in our Scriptures. It is true that different men interpret these differently; but though they dispute about the doctrines and principles which they inculcate, yet they who acknowledge them at all agree in maintaining their truth, and the necessity of an unfeigned faith in what they affirm. The Doctor invariably declares, that a belief in the matters which the sacred volume unfolds must be accompanied by a strict observance of all its commands, by such as look for final salvation. Others will tell you that the mere act of faith is all that is required; and others, that unless the Holy Spirit makes choice of you to draw you willingly or unwillingly to seek after divine truths, you can never discover them."

"My dear," said Mr. Lorraine, "it may be all very well for you and others to preach up the necessity of embracing that belief which you think the Deity has demanded of you by *his Scriptures*, as you call them, if your consciences

assure you there is no other method of arriving at future happiness; but if conscience be your guide, so let it be mine: my judgment is satisfied with what I know. I can see and feel my own way without such a conductor as you would give me; and I shall rest contented, because I am persuaded I shall never intentionally do wrong or injury to any one."

"Then," said Dr. Freeman, "permit me to observe, that such a religion is too selfish to be entertained by a liberal, and certainly cannot be supported by an enlightened mind; for it is clear that you are honest because dishonesty would subject you to disgrace in society; you are good and virtuous because it is a matter of convenience to be so; you are just because you are kept in awe by human laws; and you are charitable from the impulse of humanity; but how much nobler, how much more disinterested and exalted is it to act thus, not from mere worldly, sordid considerations, but out of entire love of your Maker? Knowing, as you may, and as it is your duty to know, by reading the Scriptures, it is both the will and the command of God that you should do all things to his glory, how are you to show yourself his creature

bound to do him service, unless you comply with that will and that command? As to what some affirm, that a faith in the Saviour is alone sufficient for salvation hereafter, if by faith be meant only a bare belief in the Redeemer, it constitutes, in my opinion, a small part of the Christian's duty; and with respect to what others declare, that some men are involuntarily drawn to seek knowledge of the Spirit of God, depend upon it, Mr. Lorraine, unless you yourself are desirous of knowing divine truth, you can never expect to acquire it. In short —"

"But, my dear friend," interrupted Mr. Lorraine, "if I look into the heavens, I see wonders demonstrating the existence of a Supreme Being, that speak more powerfully to me than any language that man can utter. When I consider how this globe revolves daily on its axis, exposed to the transition of day and night, summer and winter, I see the Deity showing his goodness to all the kingdoms of the earth. If I consider the purposes of the rain and dew from heaven, I find that they are to make the land fruitful. If the wind blows, it is to create a freer circulation of air, and to prevent the stagnation of vapours. If the sun shines, it is to warm and

clothe the ground with verdure, and to make nature assume a cheerful aspect. In all this I can fall into no mistakes, I can imbibe no pernicious errors: here the Deity speaks in terms intelligible to all. What need, then, have I to turn to any other system of religion less evident than this? Or, were I to have recourse to any other, where are there to be found such convincing testimonies of the existence and power of the Divinity?"

"These testimonies, I affirm," replied Dr. Freeman, "are more conspicuously displayed in the page of Revelation than in the book of nature, and carry you infinitely further; for when you have surveyed the wonders of creation, and acknowledged the truth which they proclaim that 'the hand which made them is divine,' here your knowledge terminates; and it terminates unsatisfactorily, because you can gain no insight into any thing beyond the present state. All, therefore, beyond this temporary scene of life is dark and uncertain: you see your species daily mingling with the dust, without knowing whither they are going, and what lies beyond the confines of the grave. What assurances,

then, have you for hoping to exist in another and more perfect state?"

"We have those," he replied, "which, if they amount not to a positive certainty, approach sufficiently near to it for every purpose: for we have the same arguments that were maintained by Plato, and by other philosophers who derived their expectations from the same source. Nature herself has implanted in the mind of man the hope of a state of immortality: there is no country of the globe ever yet discovered that did not exhibit its people, however barbarous and rude, possessed of some notions of a future state of existence. Besides, is it possible to suppose that the Deity can have placed us here only for a short time, and not unfrequently exposed us to pass it in uninterrupted sorrow and distress; some tyrannizing and lording it over mankind, others exposed to slavery and continued wretchedness; some constituted with minds ample and capacious to imbibe knowledge; others destitute of intellect. Is it possible to conceive such a state as this can be permanent; and, if not permanent, we conclude that it must lead to another, — to one that shall

be better than the former, or why change it at all?"

"Excuse me, my dear father," said Maria, "all this amounts only to what I have already said: all this the Christian knows to be true, because it is established by Scripture; which is the 'Word of God,' the only means vouchsafed to man for his guidance in these matters: for though the deductions of reason may be clear to you, they cannot, from their remoteness and intricacy, be understood, much less be convincing to ordinary and common capacities."

"The conclusions deduced from all the reasoning in the world," resumed the Doctor, "can never amount to a certainty, even in the most cultivated and learned minds. We want something infallible; and that infallibility we possess by means of our Bibles, in which there is, as Locke has observed, 'truth without any mixture of error.' Here we find for what purpose man is created; why he is designed to pass a probationary trial; and how, after the decay of the body, the soul wings its flight to heaven; and upon what conditions it is either admitted to the abodes of bliss, or doomed to regions of sorrow and despair."

"But I should be happy to know," said Mr. Lorraine, "upon what authority you pronounce that book to be of divine origin, and upon what sort of evidence you can demonstrate that it contains, as you declare it does, the actual revelation of the will of God to man. Your assertion of that circumstance, without satisfactory proof, though supported by the whole college of divines, cannot alone be admitted."

"Now this, my dear Sir," said the Doctor, "is the very point to which I am desirous of bringing your attention. Before, therefore, we enter upon the investigation of the causes by which the influence of the moon operates upon the tides, though a subject well deserving the attention of every well-informed mind, let us have recourse to the explanation of that which, on every account, is so infinitely more important. The evidences which are adduced in support of the divine inspiration of our Scriptures, if canvassed by one divested of all prejudices, are numerous and abundantly conclusive. Now, I think, from your own train of argument, Mr. Lorraine, I shall be able to give you some reasons why we should accept the

Bible, not only as a rule of life, but as the Word of God. To say nothing of its undoubted antiquity as a history, it contains a more clear and luminous account of the various origin and fortunes of the earlier nations of the world, than any records of even the most polished people: an account that is sanctioned, either directly or indirectly, by the substantial annals of kingdoms, however widely distant from each other; but which is as superior to them in dignity, correctness, and sublimity, as the sun, your favourite object of admiration, transcends the minor gems of heaven in brilliancy and power."

"But," interrupted Mr. Lorraine, "granting that as a history it is a valuable production, this by no means proves it to be the gift of heaven."

"To your observation I bow assent," said the Doctor, "on this condition, that if it be outborne by more positive evidence, you will allow it to be admitted as a collateral proof."

"To this I cannot object, knowing that you will in vain look for the positive evidence you speak of," replied Mr. Lorraine.

"But," answered the Doctor, "I do not

despair of producing it; for, laying aside the evidence of miracles, which you will assuredly question, I will take you to that part of the Sacred Volume upon which the sun of the astronomical world, the all-comprehending yet humble Newton, bestowed his critical labour, and thereby gave an unqualified assent to its doctrines. The evidence of prophecies, — of which some have been fulfilled in so plain a manner that 'they who run may read;' others are now accomplishing; and others yet remain to be unravelled, — must flash conviction upon the minds of all who are not obstinately bent upon shutting their eyes against the evidence of all light. You grant that as a history it is very ancient: now, the prophetical part is so blended with the historical, as to render the forgery of it in latter times quite impracticable. The prophecies, therefore, must have been delivered, if not at the time they are represented, at least many centuries ago. Now, this being admitted, it cannot be denied that many of the prophecies have been accomplished in latter times, and that some are at this moment in the act of being carried into effect. I would ask where, in all the brilliant literature of ancient

Greece or Rome, can any thing be culled out, even after the most diligent search, which can bear any comparison to this, however graced with the charms of language or the attractions of rhetorical ornament? And what do you suppose could cause this difference? How happens it that unfriended Herdsmen, poor Shepherds, and unlettered Hebrews, were enabled to clothe their sentiments in such sublimity of diction, and utter prophecies that are fully borne out by events? How comes this, Mr. Lorraine? Spite of yourself you must acknowledge, that, at least, 'this is marvellous in our eyes.' But stop not here: go one step further, and your unsophisticated reason and conscience must soon aver, 'that it is the Lord's doing;' for if you consider what it is for the mind of man to dive into futurity, and see through the perspective of 2000 years, you will readily, and of necessity conclude, that either the account of the prophecies is false, — which cannot even be remotely questioned, as they, like many other parts of Holy Writ, are substantiated by the evidence of other, even hostile nations, — or that it was from the suggestion of some superior power

operating within, 'to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday.' Do not, therefore, my friend, reject, for the vain conclusions of presumptuous men, the page which bears inscribed the fiery finger of God. No longer attach yourself to the principles of Voltaire, Hume, and other sceptics, many of whose names are associated with every thing vile and unseemly; but become a faithful and humble follower in that glorious army of Christian worthies, — Bacon, Newton, Locke, and all those whose names are but another vocabulary of every thing pious, just, and virtuous. Embrace, therefore, this faith, which not only has been the only solace and support allowed to many thousands whose deaths have been exposed to every indignity, but also has healed the anguished heart of those who have been bereft of all that to them were dear and lovely upon earth. The sublime, yet humble feelings, which the Book of God can give, even to the most abject upon earth, are standing miracles and incontrovertible proofs of its divine origin: a book from which those pretended discoveries of heathen philosophers approximating to the sublime doctrines of Revelation have, assuredly, been derived. Un-

assisted reason never deduced such doctrines from natural religion, as it is said to have produced in the enlightened minds of pagan sages. Socrates, Plato, Juvenal, and others, borrowed their most exalted notions of the Deity, and of moral goodness, from some transcript of the Jewish Scriptures; from which source, also, though in a different channel, it is quite clear that Virgil obtained the materials for the fabric of his sacred eclogue, predicting, in the very language of our evangelical prophet, the birth of Pollio's child (which prediction was never verified) in the golden age of the world: and with respect to those heathen philosophers, whose works may be dated from the commencement of the Christian æra, their morality evidently falls upon us in the reflected rays of the Gospel itself."

At this moment a servant entered with a letter, addressed to Mr. Lorraine: it was no sooner opened than it fell from his hands; whilst the sudden and livid change of his countenance indicated tidings of fearful import. Maria flew to the immediate assistance of her father, who was now speechless; and though agitated almost beyond endurance, she exerted all the

self-command which she could summon, and administered the remedies which those around her suggested. In the mean time, Dr. Freeman, catching up the letter, found it written by the college tutor, briefly communicating the sad intelligence of young Lorraine's sudden death.

As soon as the father began to recover, he looked earnestly and piercingly at his daughter; and then throwing his arms around her, piteously exclaimed, "You—you, are now my only remaining comfort!" and he burst into an agony of grief. Hardly had he uttered the words, when Maria, catching the intelligence with the rapidity of lightning, fell senseless at her father's feet. It was some time before she recovered; but as her opening eyes surveyed those by whom she was surrounded, she at length fixed them upon her father, who sat stupified with grief. Seeing his bitter despondency, she presently roused herself; and dismissing the assistants, turned to the Doctor, saying,

"My dear Sir, assist me to support my father in this heart-rending affliction,—assist me in offering such reflections as, by God's help, may tranquillize and comfort his mind."

" My dear Miss Lorraine," replied the Doctor, " in the first ebullition of such sorrow as this, it is in vain to offer immediate comfort. The mind, on the first accession of anguish, will not admit, nay, it will almost reject, all consolation: it must vent itself in the way that Nature dictates; and it is not only wise to permit it to do so, but the object of the Almighty in sending affliction is better answered, — that by suffering it to depress the mind, it may more effectually operate to wean us from our sins, to exercise our faith, to show us our dependance upon God, take off our attachments to this world, and make us aspire after one that is above; and thus, ' though the countenance be made sad, the heart is made better.' "

" As far as respects myself," replied Maria, " I am persuaded to hope that all these effects which you have enumerated will result from this heavy dispensation of Providence. Keen as my grief is, I feel assured that, however weakened my body may be, my mind ultimately will be strengthened. Strongly do I see the necessity of bearing up against this great, this unexpected sorrow, and making unusual exertions, that I may revive the broken heart, and solace the afflicted mind of my poor, suffering, and

distracted father; that we may both feel less the loss which we now so deeply deplore. Religion calls, it imperiously demands of me to perform this duty; and it gives me the consolatory assurance that it will fortify my mind against all my own feelings: that by rising superior to my own distresses, I may be better enabled to comfort his days, and so make life desirable to the dearest, the best of fathers; to him who has no such source from which he can derive a balm to heal his wound — who has yet to learn the efficacy of that gracious dispensation, by which in due time 'every tear is wiped off every eye;' to him, who knows not that his sorrow may be converted into joy — who is not assured, like the pious David, that he can go whither his son is gone before; to that son who, however we may grieve for his loss, would unwillingly change perfect and eternal bliss for imperfect, temporary, and visionary happiness. Alas! alas! my father's agony must be dreadful: for he has no such alleviation as our religion affords its followers: — he has nothing that can extract the sting which death inflicts." And she fell upon her father's neck in excess of affectionate tenderness.

"My dearest, my beloved daughter," said Lorraine, as he raised her, while he wiped away his tears, "surely God has given you to be a ministering angel to bring me to his presence. If Christianity, my dear girl, as our friend was so feelingly going on to assert, can afford such relief in these bitter necessities, as your present conduct proves may be derived from it: if it can bring such soothing reflections as you deduce from it; if it can impress courage on one, otherwise so timid and alive to fear, while the want of it enervates the strong and hardy; if it can make you trample upon your own sufferings, that you may more efficiently discharge your duties to a frail and ungodly parent like myself — what is there that I can more ardently desire than to participate in these benefits with yourself? Lead me, therefore, my beloved child, to this great and pure fountain of happiness, that I may drink, deeply drink, of its waters. My good friend here must assist me, (and I know he will,) to complete that change of sentiment which his reasoning had already begun to excite in me, ere the severe, yet merciful dispensation of Providence, taught me that it was my duty to strive to

acquire that religious wisdom which guides him in his useful passage through life. Oh, show me, my friend, the path which leads to another world; and give me, from it, a prospect of its transcendent glories: for with Maria, now my sole companion, I will endeavour to pursue it. From this time I renounce Nature as my guide: henceforth I will seek the conduct of one infallible!" So saying, he hurried out of the room.

"I have now to contend," said Maria, "with feelings directly opposite to each other, — grief for the heavy affliction that has befallen us, and joy that it should have produced such a happy, such an unlooked-for; effect as this."

"Ah, my dear Miss Lorraine," said the Doctor, "this is only one instance out of innumerable others in which I have witnessed the mercy of the Almighty, who, out of evil, knows how to produce good. Do you continue to strive to alleviate your own and your father's sufferings, and to follow up these impressions which have been made upon his mind. I shall set out at a very early hour to-morrow morning for the University, and I will there stand in the place of your father. — God bless you!"

THE MERCHANT'S FAMILY.

Dr. Freeman was sitting in his library at breakfast, grappling with a learned author upon the knotty subject of some profound piece of theology, when he was roused from his abstraction by a rap at his door, and by the entrance of his friend Mr. Trustwell, a merchant.

"If you are not particularly engaged, Doctor," said he, "I am desirous of having a little conversation with you. I want to ask your advice upon something that materially interests me; and I apply to you with confidence, because it is a matter in which you have already rendered me essential service. You know very well that my two sons, Alexander and Vincent, were destined by me, the one for my own business, the other for a sailor; but in consequence of Vincent's delicate state of health, I have been compelled to alter my original intentions respecting him; and, through your recommendation, I have given both him and his brother an academical education, before I left them at liberty to make choice of a profession. Yester-

day, upon their return home after having taken their degrees, we entered upon the subject; and it led to a long discussion, the result of which was, that Alexander has given the preference, as I hoped he would, to the offer I have made him of taking him into our firm; but Vincent has formed the resolution of entering the Church. Now, I think, for one whose general health is not very good, the retired duties of a clergyman are those which are peculiarly suitable to him; but, unfortunately, he has taken what I consider to be an unhappy twist in his opinions, and I am altogether at a loss to know what to do, whether to comply with his inclinations or not. If I yield to them, I am giving a direct sanction to the propagation of principles which I directly disapprove: if I do not accede to them, I am equally unable to determine what to do; for his health will not admit of an active line of life, and his mind will probably not incline to it."

"But," replied Dr. Freeman, "what grounds have you for thinking that he entertains the peculiar sentiments to which you allude?"

"Why, Alexander has given us a detailed account of their general proceedings during their

residence at College. Indeed we ourselves have observed, from the time they entered the University, that Vincent has returned to us with depressed spirits, and with a sombreness that became more settled every time we met together. This his mother and I attributed to bodily weakness, and therefore overlooked it, not suspecting that it arose from a different cause. Alexander confesses that he considered these symptoms as sufficient to arrest our attention; and, therefore, through delicacy and a sort of sense of honour, left us to find them out, without bearing an unwilling testimony against his brother. He tells us, with respect to himself, that in the very outset he made a selection of a few friends among young men who, for the greater part, were students of his own College; and that he adhered to them throughout the whole time of his residence. He says they all devoted certain stated hours to their studies during the day, and in the evening usually assembled together in one of their rooms, and rationally enjoyed themselves. He did not find it convenient to extend his acquaintance far beyond what might almost be called this domestic circle: for as it was only the evening that

was thus dedicated to lighter studies and relaxation, it suited best their inclinations and pockets to send each his commons from the College kitchen to some one of their rooms: by which arrangement they amused themselves with the new publications of the day, with music, chess, and occasionally with a rubber, without having recourse to seek a late admittance to their apartments, after the closing of the gates. He also says, for he is very candid, that they not unfrequently rehearsed feats of activity and wonder, gymnastics which were seldom practised without some detriment to the fragile furniture of the apartment. Indeed he admits, with respect to his own, that a large oaken bootjack, a little burnt at one end, is the most entire article left to be transmitted to his successor. Well, notwithstanding this, it was his practice to devote every Sunday to religious duties and studies, the evening of which was dedicated by his party to conversations generally upon the subjects of the sermons delivered at the University church; which gave rise to criticisms and reflections, that, in my opinion, have paved the way to a sound and rational knowledge of Religion. I do not mean that

their religious conversations were confined solely to one day in seven: on the contrary, I am inclined to believe, that even in the midst of their recreations they never lost sight of God: and this effectually served to keep them within proper bounds. It seems that he and his friends have passed excellent examinations, and that they have marked their characters by the honours which they have attained; and I am more than satisfied with him. Now it is singular that Vincent, during all this time, has associated as little with his brother as if they had been unconnected; and the society which he formed has been altogether different. He has been admitted to his degree with ease to himself, but without the attainment, or even the wish of obtaining any academical honour: his time has been passed almost exclusively in religious reading, with the Bible, and with commentators whom I know *you* do not consider orthodox. He has allowed himself to think upon no other subject; he has joined in no other kind of conversation; he has been running after what he calls 'serious men and Gospel-preachers;' he has patronised Evangelical Societies and Works, and seems to have compassed sea and land to make proselytes of the Jews. After the Col-

lege lectures of the day were over, he was to be found, not seeking instruction for himself in the public schools of the University, but teaching 'the young idea how to shoot' in those established by serious societies. His evenings were passed in the assemblies of those who denominated themselves 'Elect;' at which it was usual not only to furnish the guests with tea, but to serve each at the same time with a Bible, that all in their turn might give vent to that wild and fanciful spirit of apostolical exposition, with which they considered themselves inspired. Alexander says, that the members of this grave body were great dealers in mystery; that each of them had a separate, but clear interpretation of the Song of Solomon; could unravel the arcana of the Apocalypse, compute the number of the Beast, and calculate to a decimal, the time of the Millennium. They possessed, moreover, the means and power of explaining the articles of the Church, upon the exclusive principles of Calvin. It is in this manner, and in such a Sanhedrim, that Vincent has passed his time: and he is returned in the condition of one who seems unfitted for the world. He is become thoughtful and absent, grave and demure, with a countenance that bespeaks a bewildered

fancy and an unhealthy body. He occasionally assumes a playfulness, but it is too studied and unnatural to be mistaken for any thing but what it is. Now, under these circumstances, what is best for me to do? If I keep him at home, he will pursue no useful employment; and if I send him to a Curacy, he will only be making others as unhappy as himself, or rather as he has made me."

"My dear Sir," said Dr. Freeman, "do not make yourself uneasy at present; but, take my advice, do not thwart his inclinations at once; or, such is the perverseness of our nature, you will drive him into the very toils that you wish him to avoid. Whatever means, therefore, you apply, let them be gentle and persuasive; use no compulsion. You can have no fear that your family will imbibe any other sentiments than those which you approve. Alexander's are fixed; and for your daughter Elizabeth, her mother has taken too much pains with her education, and her own intelligent and amiable mind is such as to make all apprehension of her defection, idle. No; keep Vincent at home with you as much as you can: by seeing your united disinclination to favour the tenets which he has taken up, and by

rationally and dispassionately conversing with him upon the tendency of them, you may, in time, effect an alteration in his mind. If, after all, you should fail in your attempt, and he continue in the same opinions, not from obstinacy, but from conviction, then set it down as a certainty that his reason and conscience have formed the bias; and, as you would wish to be done by, leave him to follow the bent of his own inclination."

"Well, Doctor," replied Mr. Trustwell, "that is fair and right. I will do so; and am happy to be guided by your advice, and heartily I thank you for it. I shall return and make my wife and daughter happier by my determination; for they are wretched both on Vincent's account and on mine. I wish I could prevail upon you to do us the favour of dining with us to-day, and of meeting these young men; indeed, I shall feel obliged if you will not refuse me. You will meet my sister, who is now on a visit to us with her husband, who are in the literal sense of the word, *lately* married; for they have both been long since past the hey-day of youth."

" My good friend," replied the Doctor, " I shall be happy to accept your invitation, and to talk with you further on the subject of your

sons." Upon this they shook hands and parted.

When the dinner-hour arrived, the Doctor found the party assembled. After he had addressed Mrs. Trustwell and her daughter, his kind host, taking him by the hand, introduced him in form to Mr. and Mrs. Griper, both of whom returned the salutation with the most grave decorum. There was the struggle of a smile evidently visible on the lips of Alexander, as he watched this august ceremony, and kept up with his eyes a kind of telegraphic communication with his sister; it required, indeed, some command of countenance to stand this interview. The bride had, by many degrees, passed the meridian of life, and time had set his envious mark upon her. She was "gaunt, lean, ossified, and long;" her face narrow, and striped with wrinkles, over which was suspended a nose which might have acted as a gnomon to the dial from which it projected. Her reading had, in earlier life, — that is, until she had relinquished the hopes of promotion, and had actually taken out the brevet-rank of Mrs. to her maiden name, — been confined to trifling subjects, romances, and tales of slighted love. She had formerly been able to play upon the Virginals, which she now

dignified by the name of the Piano; and even till very lately, in the society of those of her own standing, she occasionally ventured to breathe an asthmatic air of "olden times." Her dress suited with her years and her new situation. It consisted of a fabric raised upon her head, formed by making every hair to stand as it would on the glass-legged stool of an electrifying apparatus, surmounted by a cushion, placed thereon to imbibe the long wire-pins to which the cap was appended. Her waist was long and tapering, to which was fastened a silver-washed tin cornucopia, there placed for the reception of a large bouquet, which seemed to have been the produce of the kitchen, rather than of the flower, garden. Her gown was a rich grogram, so thick, that whether in wear or not, it pertinaciously kept its erect position, and when moved, made that strong rustling noise which rendered it unnecessary upon visits of ceremony to announce her approach. When erect, her stature was assisted in its towering height by the aid of two props to the heels of her shoes: two stunted columns of the Tuscan order, which preserved a false perpendicular, by reason of the unequal pressure above. She seemed to possess only

one advantage over her brother, and that was, in having had greater experience from a longer residence upon earth. She was occasionally cheerful; but the disposition was checked whenever she turned her eye upon Mr. Griper, who maintained the most obstinate and inflexible gravity.

He was a very tall, thin man, with a long, yellow face and sharp visage: his long matted hair, impelled by its own weight, hung straight downwards; while a narrow cravat displayed a neck brown and folded, like the leather of a pair of bellows. He wore a long, straight-cut chocolate-coloured coat without a collar, but with pockets large enough to answer all the purposes of a wardrobe; he had flaps to his waistcoat; thick black worsted stockings, covering a pair of long legs of equal thickness every-where, and planted in a pair of shoes extravagantly capacious, ornamented by square silver buckles, corresponding with those appended to his breeches-knees. Such was the worthy Mr. Griper, who had entered into the pale of matrimony, not only that he might ensure a handsome provision for his declining years, but be relieved from the irksome drudgery of business; and, by this means, be enabled to devote

more of his time to the employment of religion, and secure to himself a patient companion disposed to swallow the doses of religious rhapsody, in which he was a wholesale dealer.

When dinner was announced, Mr. Trustwell stepped forward to offer his arm to the bride; who, casting a smerk of approbation upon him, and another of encouragement transversely upon Mr. Griper, stepped forward, whilst the rest of the party followed in couples, at an awful distance behind them, to admit sufficient space for the trail of Mrs. Griper's gown; which, in performing the part of a besom sweeping the staircase, was accompanied by a rustling noise, resembling a shower of hail in a thunder-storm upon the stage.

The conversation at table was general and animated, supported as it was by the host and hostess, Miss Trustwell, her brother Alexander, and the Doctor; while Vincent and Mr. Griper seemed waiting in reserve, ready only to explode when a spark of religious kindling should ignite them. The bridegroom, however, was too actively engaged in answering the demands of a voracious appetite, to waste the little time which he seemed to think would be allotted to his re-

past; for though his body, from the length and thinness of it, appeared ill-adapted to the reception of much food, it was astonishing to see with what dexterity and perseverance he endeavoured to obtain a rotundity of form, and how successfully he washed down with deep but weak potations, the obstructions which were heaped on the turnpike leading from his jaws to the lower regions of his body. In all this he was the direct reverse of his bride, who kept nibbling at the breast of a chicken, occasionally sipping from a thimbleful of wine, which she as delicately touched with the parchment of her lips, as if she apprehended their coming in contact with aquafortis.

After the cloth was removed, the whole party assembled around the fire; and for some time the conversation became general, and continued so.

"Pray, Dr. Freeman," said Mrs. Trustwell, "can you tell me any thing of the Lorraines to-day? I have not seen them since their great domestic affliction."

"I saw them for a short time," replied the Doctor, "this morning: they are, as you may

suppose, in great distress of mind; but they evince a calmness which gives me hope that time will gradually lessen their sorrow."

"I received a note from Maria to-day," continued Elizabeth, "in which she expressed, in the strongest terms, the satisfaction they derived from Alexander's and Vincent's attention in attending you, Doctor, at her brother's funeral. Poor Maria! she feels keenly Charles's loss; but I believe she endeavours to hide much of her feelings from her father, that she may better comfort him,—she is a sweet girl. Pray, Alexander, were not Charles Lorraine's acquaintances much grieved at his fatal accident?"

"Indeed," replied Alexander, "the whole College testified sorrow; for he was a great favourite, and both very clever and very amiable."

"Ah!" said Vincent; "and had he been more serious, he would have been almost perfect."

"As to his not being more serious," replied Alexander, "I will undertake to say that the University cannot produce one who was more sincerely virtuous and good, and this he was on pure religious principles. In my opinion he

could have done nothing to make himself more beloved than he was."

"Mr. Alexander," said Griper, "though you have been educated at the same seat of learning with your brother, you have not been brought up at the feet of the same Gamaliel. I have heard of his early entrance into the Christian vineyard: he, I find, has been a worshipper in the true temple of Jerusalem, while you have congregated in that on Mount Gerizim."

"Such, Sir," said Alexander, kindling into a blaze, "such, Sir, may be the prejudiced opinion entertained by some people; but I beg to question their authority for keeping themselves in the Holy City, whilst they endeavour to drive me and such as my poor friend Lorraine into the country of the Samaritans; and I am at a loss to understand what motives any stranger can have for entering into matters with which he can have no possible pretext for interfering."

"It is the duty," replied Mr. Griper, "of every pious disciple of Jesus to reclaim the errors of youth, and to lead them into the way of life."

"Come, come," said Dr. Freeman, "I am not disposed, Mr. Griper, to part with any of

my flock, especially with those who have been born in the fold, and I shall resist every attempt that may be made to seduce any of them from me. I apprehend there has been a little tampering with my friend Vincent in another quarter; but I shall not patiently submit to losing him; at least I shall use all my power to prevent secession, aided by the authority of my good friend and host here."

"Doctor," said Mr. Trustwell, "I thank you for the care of us all. On this subject I have only one wish, that all my children may be assured I consider their duty and their love to me best shown by following the example which their mother and I have endeavoured to give them, in the support of those religious principles in which, from a thorough conviction, we have lived, and hope to die.—But we will change the subject.—Pray, Mr. Griper, inform me, as nearly as you can, what may be the probable number of souls in the parish in which you reside, that I may make a comparison between that and ours, of their relative magnitude, and of the late increase of population?"

"As to the number of souls," replied Mr. Griper, turning up to the ceiling his eyes, which

resembled two fresh-opened oysters, "of souls, Sir; the Lord only knows, of such as be living or shall hereafter live; but of bodies — of corporeal beings — human carcases — filthy rags — there may be about 50,000: and when I look upon the harvest, and think how few are the reapers (looking askance at Vincent), I am grieved in the spirit." At these words he heaved a deep-drawn sigh, after which his visage relapsed into its usual map-like appearance.

Mrs. Griper now made several enquiries after her former acquaintances, and, having received satisfactory answers, seemed disposed to retire; which Mrs. Trustwell perceiving, began to draw on her gloves, being the first signal for departure; then taking a surveying look at the bride and Elizabeth, and bowing to the former, arose and left the room.

When the ladies were gone, Mr. Trustwell passed the bottle around, and catching Mr. Griper's eye, he said, "Mr. Griper, as we are here entirely among friends, permit me candidly to state to you, that as I have now the pleasure of considering you in the light of a connection, in order that we may maintain a perfectly good understanding, I must make it a condition, that

you will abstain from any attempt to inculcate in my family any of those peculiar religious tenets which I know you to entertain in common with my sister, who has lately embraced them. Of course, you and every one are at perfect liberty to support any creed which you consider to be the best; but as our principles are, for the most part, settled and confirmed, I must oppose every overture made to disturb them: I cannot express to you what great and unfeigned anxiety the defection which Vincent has exhibited occasions me; but I have yet to hope, that his consciousness of my distress may operate upon him to think differently from what he now does; at all events, I trust he will canvass the matter with the seriousness which it deserves, with fairness, candour, and without prejudice, before he ultimately embraces principles that are opposite to those which I have endeavoured to implant in him."

"It cannot be expected, Sir," said Vincent, "that I can alter or square my religious sentiments to suit the opinions of any one who may be so unreasonable as to require it. I have long ago considered the matter, and my conscience approves the choice which I have made.

The duty we owe to a heavenly, takes place of that duc to an earthly parent."

"Permit me, however, Vincent, to remark," said Dr. Freeman, "that lately you have been exposed to the partial views and reasoning of one peculiar description of Christians; take now a more general survey, and let me urge you to weigh well the pretensions of every other persuasion, and when your mind is more matured, make your decision, and abide by it."

"Brother Trustwell," said Griper, "with earnestness, "I can have no wish to set a son against his father, nor to divide a man's household, unless it be in the high cause of God; in which case I hold that a man may leave his father and mother. Still, as you speak fairly, and you seem not disposed to enforce restraint upon Mr. Vincent's inclinations, I shall abstain from direct interference; nevertheless, I shall wrestle with the Lord in prayer, that he may receive the inward light to guide him unerringly in his choice."

"Believe me, Mr. Griper," said the Doctor, "I think you do well to accept my friend Mr. Trustwell's conditions, which are none other than he is justified by his duty as a father to impose.

As to the pretext you or any other may have for such an interference, on the ground that you are acting thus in the cause of God, I know of no sanction which the Scriptures give, why you, or any one should sow dissension in a family; nor will I admit that the Almighty requires a duty to be paid to him at the expense of that which he has imposed on a child and its parent. The first table of commandments enforces love to God; the second, love to parents and to mankind: to suppose, therefore, that a breach of the latter can render a discharge of the former more acceptable, is palpably wrong."

"But," resumed Griper, "you must admit that the effect of the preaching of Jesus and his Apostles, in many instances, produced, as was predicted, a 'sword instead of peace;' and 'a man's foes were those of his own household;' and that it set parents at variance with their children, and children with their parents."

"If such was the effect in many instances," continued the Doctor, "produced among the Jews, you are to remember that they were peculiarly circumstanced. The Jews had rejected him, at whose coming and preaching their Prophets had expressly pointed, and whom it

was actually their religious duty to have accepted. As, therefore, God's dispensations were not to be subverted by the obstinacy of his creatures, it followed as a natural and unavoidable consequence, that they who received the Messiah and his Gospel, and they who denied them, though persons connected by the strongest ties of relationship, became directly opposed to each other. The conduct of the Apostles in this, as well as in many other cases, was directed by a necessity which cannot apply to us in these days. It is on this point in which I more particularly differ with the teachers of your persuasion, Mr. Griper, who, I think, assume a language and a conduct suitable enough to an inspired Apostle occupied in the first promulgation of the Gospel; but by no means consistent with the humble pretensions of an uninspired, self-appointed minister of a well-established religion."

"Sir," said Griper, "whatever may be your opinion, I suppose that they are led by the light upon their soul to follow the pattern, as nearly as they can, which the disciples of Jesus manifested in the conduct of their ministry. How can they err in doing this?"

"It would be better in many cases," said the Doctor, "for them to follow the directions, advice, and exhortations, rather than the conduct of the apostles, which, as chosen and inspired men occupied in a new work, is beyond the reach and necessity of imitation. And, as to the inward light to which they lay claim, if it be such as they can pretend to experience, to feel, and to perceive, I deny its possession altogether."

"But," said Vincent, "you will allow that the Almighty is disposed to enlighten the minds of men; for we are repeatedly called upon to pray for the Holy Spirit to guide us unto truth, and God has promised to give it to *his people.*"

"I admit," continued the Doctor, "that he has promised to do this, but when bestowed, it is poured insensibly upon the heart and mind. You cannot know of its possession by any other criterion than the faith which it inspires, and the fruit which it produces, which is love, joy, meekness, and the like. To talk of the actual and experimental possession of the Spirit, is to put yourselves in the power of the Prince of darkness. It comes, I say, upon the soul unperceived, like the wind, the sound of which

may be heard, but 'whence it cometh and whither it goeth' no one can tell."

"Do you mean to say," asked Mr. Trustwell, "that those of Mr. Griper's persuasion lay claim to *direct* inspiration?"

"No," replied Griper with emphasis, "we do not pretend altogether to the possession of such inspiration as that which illuminated the Prophets and Apostles of old; but we contend for that which we actually enjoy; a light shining within our minds, directing us by what means to lay hold on truth and to enforce it."

"And pray let me ask," said, Alexander, "how you are enabled to distinguish the perceptible operations of the Holy Spirit, and the palpable workings of Satan? because he can 'transform himself into an angel of light;' and they who are led by him are as much convinced that they are inspired by the Spirit of God as you yourselves are."

"Yes, Mr. Griper," continued the Doctor, "however you may soften it, the teachers and disciples of your persuasion lay claim to a direct inspiration. Does not the Champion of your faith repeatedly make these pretensions? 'I had much of the *presence* of God.'—'The kingdom

of God is within me.'—'The Eternal I AM hath sent me.'—'God has given me a double portion of his Holy Spirit.'—Nay, is he not still more presumptuous and arrogant in saying, 'I talked with God in the garden as a man talketh with his friend?' Now what is all this but a pretence to apostolical inspiration? Indeed, I will undertake to show, that the Apostles themselves never had those inflated ideas of self-righteousness to which such Christians lay claim. It taught them mildness in their actions and private life, and gave them invincible boldness in speaking forth the words of holiness. It inspired them with an abhorrence for vice; it checked their pretensions to arrogant righteousness and self-justification, and tempered all their words and actions; but, (continued the Doctor, looking at the same time earnestly at Vincent,) it did not puff them up in their notions of exclusive holiness in which to make their boast; it did not inflate them with religious consequence: on the contrary, St. Paul, that star of the Apostles, notwithstanding the immediate presence of the Holy Ghost indisputably dwelling in him, and animating all his labours, entertained very different opinions, when he said,

'Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be cast away.'"

"Doctor," said Mr. Trustwell, "I entirely subscribe to what you have advanced; for I have uniformly found, that where you see so much pretension, there is the greatest room for suspecting the sincerity of it. I am quite sure that the fruits of the Spirit are not wild extravagance and phrenzy, but the reverse of all this, — love, joy, and mildness."

"It seems, gentlemen," resumed Mr. Griper, "that by the instrumentality of your carnal knowledge, you would gainsay and resist the effects of the Holy Spirit; for you appear inclined to deny that it operates at all upon the inner man."

"God forbid," said Dr. Freeman, "that I should deny its influence, as working in our hearts the eternal law of life, and directing us in the blessed path that leads to happiness beyond the grave, eternal in the heavens. No, Mr. Griper, we admit the *ordinary* operations of the Spirit upon our hearts, but we must deny any thing more than this. We deprecate that wild, incoherent extravagance which runs into extremes, and presumptuously attributes its

actions to the blessed Paraclete, the essence of God himself. In fact, we cease to be Christians when we reject the belief of the Holy Ghost; for by its operations, regeneration or a new birth, by which we are admitted into a participation of the blessings of the Gospel, is completed within us."

The word "regeneration" operated like magic in calling up the attention of Vincent, who exclaimed with a hurried and impetuous tone, as if in doubt whether to credit his ears: "What, what is that you say about regeneration?" But Alexander, foreseeing that a long conflict must result from persisting in the discussion, broke it up, by saying, "Come, gentlemen, here have we been running out the line of disputation, without duly considering that the purpose for which we are assembled is to enjoy our glass of wine, and to drink the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom."

"True," said Mr. Trustwell; "in this respect we have been very remiss: pass on the wine, Doctor, and let us pledge to Mr. and Mrs. Griper."

Dr. Freeman now taking his glass, cast his eye upon the bridegroom.

" Sir," said he, " I heartily give you joy; you have my best wishes for your happiness. Believe me, Mr. Griper, however earnestly I may feel disposed to contend with you on the subject of our religious differences, it is far from me to urge any thing but fair and candid disputation; and I am disposed to listen, without the least prejudice, to all that you can advance in support of your tenets. I by no means presume to affirm that mine only are right; I would only wish to canvass the grounds on which yours stand, and compare them with those on which I consider my own to rest. I look upon it as a mutual advantage, seriously and dispassionately to discuss such points."

" Sir," replied Griper, " I give you entire credit for your sincerity; and though we are accustomed to expect hostility from those of your church, I am convinced we shall experience none from you. I will not now enter into any further matter, as, perhaps, a more favourable opportunity may offer itself." So saying, he, having first poured water into his glass, and then discoloured it with a sufficient quantity of wine to spoil both liquids, returned the honour done to him by drinking the health of the party.

From religion, the conversation next turned upon politics, and from politics to affairs of trade and commerce, when a servant announced coffee in the drawing-room, upon which Mr. Trustwell, having for some time perceived that the bottle had circulated without any apparent diminution, proposed obeying the summons.

Mr. Trustwell now conducting Dr. Freeman, led him up to the drawing-room, where he found the party had gained a great accession to its numbers by the junction of several ancient ladies, who, it seems, had been invited in compliment to the bride. These, from an absurd aim at preposterous over-dress, resembled so many unwrapped mummies placed along the walls of the room, or rather they were arranged like large unhealthy shrubs in a greenhouse, with here and there a beautiful heath in the form of an elegant young woman interspersed among them.

In the social circle, ladies of correct and unassuming manners, and whose appearance from their dress and deportment gives respectability to their years, however ancient, must ever be considered as acquisitions, because they generally bring with them considerable information,.

the fruit of much experience. They are the guardians of the rising generation, and patterns of decorum and propriety. It is only when they descend from these heights, by aiming either to be singular or considered younger than they really are, that they become objects of ridicule.

Mrs. Trustwell conducted her husband and Dr. Freeman towards three young ladies, who were at this moment forming a group, and conversing with Elizabeth Trustwell. "Miss Marmontelles," said she, "permit me to introduce to you my husband and Dr. Freeman.— These ladies are the nieces of our friend Miss Lapwing, and, I am happy to say, intend remaining in our neighbourhood for some weeks. The rest of the party I believe you know." She then introduced her son Alexander, and was making enquiry for Vincent, at the very moment he was entering the room.

Mrs. Griper seeing him unaccompanied by her husband, immediately asked, "My dear Vincent, what is become of your uncle?"

"Madam," he has requested me to make his apologies to you and to my mother for not drinking tea here, but he is just gone to have

an interview with one or two persons with whom he has some business." Then advancing, he performed obeisance to the Miss Marmontelles, and, by a sort of natural instinct, attached himself to the eldest of them. The fact was, this young lady was one of those serious persons of whom we now hear so much, who consider themselves as more religious than others, by assuming an austerity and gloominess of manners both unnatural and unreasonable.

Without considering the variations or the complexions of character in different persons, they who indulge in any rational domestic amusements, or in public pleasures, are now-a-days regarded as expatriated from the Christian community, by others, who assume to themselves the distinction of the Religious World, and consider it unbecoming to mingle in the common haunts, or refined recreations of life. There was no subject which more strongly called forth the eloquence and the display of talent of the worthy Rector than this, to controvert 'the growing error,' as he termed it. Often from the pulpit, and more frequently in private, did he remonstrate against the uncharitable conclusions which the arrogant

modern religionist deduced from the cheerfulness and conviviality manifested in social intercourse. "If there be any," he would say, "who are impelled by motives of religion to separate themselves from the converse or the pleasures of society, that they may better discharge their duties, even though those motives be false, let them act according to the dictates of their dispositions, but let them not bind others to the rules which they thus prescribe to themselves: nor let them censure those whose feelings on this subject may be altogether different. There is too much of pride and boasting in all this affected abstinence from the innocuous amusements of public and private life, not to be mistaken. There is an imaginary holiness in thus visibly withstanding the allurements of the world: in showing a stoical indifference to the rational and the natural pleasures of existence, ill according either with the feelings and sensibility of youth, or with the plain-injunctions of Holy Writ. But admitting that in cases where sickness, debility of body, or dejection of spirits incites to this disposition, why are others of a different frame and cast of mind to be withheld from the moderate and tem-

perate enjoyments of life? "I," he would go on to say, "I deprecate all manner of violence and excess, but I stand up for the exercise of a rational, religious liberty. Let Christians who are neither licentious nor austere, learn to bear with the variations of opinion upon these points; and whether disposed to partake of a feast, or to observe a fast; whether they abstain from amusements as irreligious, or as tending to withdraw their minds from more important concerns, while others can indulge in them without harm and without detriment, let them not lose sight of Christian Charity."

Had these feelings been imbibed by Miss Marmontelle, she would not have been led upon this occasion to have formed, with Mrs. Griper and Vincent, a select party in one corner of the room, at a distance from the company at large, to look over pictures of martyred saints and African missionaries, and to canvass schemes for the conversion of the Jews, and for restoring them to the Holy Land, whilst others, with better taste, with more propriety, and certainly with greater civility, having entered society, endeavoured to amuse each other by contributing to its support; carrying on the general

conversation; hearing or aiding the musical performances; looking over, and expatiating upon those other rational and elegant amusements of life, to which the pen and the pencil so much contribute, or partaking in such games of recreation and pastime as agreeably exercise the mind, without calling into action, in the remotest degree, any passions or excitements derogatory either to humanity or religion.

THE SICK PENITENT.

Dr. Freeman had been requested by a friend who had suddenly become very unwell, and to whom he was in the habit of frequently rendering assistance, to undertake the duty of his Church, which was situated at the distance of an hour's walk from the town. He had been preaching an excellent and effective sermon on procrastination, in which he had pointed out the danger of delay in "the things which belong to our peace," when on coming out of the Church he was accosted by a woman, whose garments, though neatly clean, indicated great poverty. She had been seated during the service on a bench directly facing the pulpit, where he had frequently before observed her: but her uncommon earnestness and attention to what he that day delivered had caught his notice. She now requested, in the absence of the Vicar, that he would have the goodness to accompany her

on a visit to her husband, who, she said, was then stretched on the bed of sickness, and feeling in himself the little probability of ever again rising from it, she had caught at the wish he now expressed of calling in the counsel of the clergyman. To appeals of this kind, the Doctor lent a ready ear; and though somewhat fatigued by the exertions of the day, he readily followed her to a mud-hovel, situated alone in a further corner of the village. Here poverty was depicted in strong colours. Low and narrow was the entrance, through a door liable to be blown open by any gust of wind, into a room too large in its rude imperfect state to afford much comfort; and scanty were the articles of furniture, which were here and there seen in this apartment. The apertures for light, for they could scarcely be called windows, answered the description so correctly drawn by Crabb:—

" Where one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
" To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day."

It was, indeed, altogether a scene from which, if it could have stooped so low, Pride might have derived a goodly lesson, to mortify its vanity, improve its heart, and modulate to a more equal pitch its high-strung feelings.

But besides this cheerless room, there was another of equal dimensions, in which the poor man was stretched upon " his matted flock." The wasting of a slow but deep consumption had thrown over his sharp and pointed visage an unearthly cast; whilst a livid hue, the result of mental inquietude, had given a deep shade to his countenance, which alternately exhibited despair and constrained cheerfulness. The teasing of a short cough either prevented his taking any rest, or when exhausted nature for a short time sank into the appearance of repose, soon broke the death-like calm.

On a three-legged table were placed a small broken tea-pot, which contained the liquid with which he occasionally moistened his parched and withered lips; a Bible, a Prayer-book, and a few misnamed " Religious Tracts," which the pertinacious hardiness of itinerant pedlars imposes upon the poor and ignorant. Aided by these hot-bed productions of perverted intellect and inflated spirituality, they had been zealously trying, as they termed it, within the last few days, to enlighten his understanding, to open his eyes to faith and grace, and to convert his sinful soul. And although they had not succeeded

so far as to make him one of their own — that is, one who groans loudly, makes much pretension, and talks incoherently of what he does not understand — they had confused his ideas, and unhinged his tranquillity.

Here then was an object worthy the Christian pastorage of our kind Rector; one who needed the guiding voice of a good shepherd to direct his wandering and uncertain thoughts to their true channel, and give them their necessary stability; who, though not a notorious sinner, was a stranger to God, and had yet to learn "how sweet and pleasant it is to know the Lord."

After the Doctor had ascended into this miserable loft, by a rickety course of rough-hewn blocks of wood, in the shape of stairs, he looked upon the dejected dying man, with emotions of pity and kindness.

"Well, my friend," said he, "how do you find yourself? I am come at the request of your wife to see you, and I hope you will approve of my visit."

"Oh, Sir!" he replied, "I am indeed very weak in bodily health, and have long wished to

have a little conversation with some one, who could really instruct me how to pray and be truly good."

"I am surprised," continued the Doctor, "that a man of your years, who has lived more than half a century, should have, at this advanced state of life, to ask to learn how to pray and be good. How have you passed your time? Have you not regularly attended divine service?"

"Yes," he replied; "I have gone regularly to Church, when opportunity permitted, at least once a-day; but I am ashamed to confess, that I believe it was rather as a matter of course, than from any love of God, or a proper motive of serving him. And though I know, both yourself and other gentlemen before you have there frequently pointed out how we should behave ourselves in all situations, and prepare for the day of judgment, yet so indifferent have I hitherto been, that I have failed to profit by these excellent lessons. But I now see the wickedness of this neglect, and humbly beg your advice."

"My advice is always ready," said the

Doctor; "and I pray God you may be able to profit by it? But first tell me, what has been your course of life?"

"If you will allow me, reverend Sir, I will tell you my history in a few words: — My parents were very poor people; and whilst I was quite a lad, my father was drowned in the act of trying to save the life of a neighbour's child. Many blamed him for being so venturesome, and my poor mother, in her bitterness of grief, was one of that number; but when, afterwards, she was sensible to reason, she used to console herself that he had only done his duty. I was too young then to know his loss; but often, when my five brothers and sisters had scarcely a morsel of bread for our daily support, and tears have been rolling down my mother's cheeks, I have asked her why she cried, and where my father was; she would reply that he was gone to Heaven; that he had lost his life in doing a good action. Now, Sir, how this happened I will go on to tell you. One day a child about my own age, who was playing on the banks of the river which ran past our town, unfortunately fell in, and was carried down the stream into a dangerous

whirlpool. My father, who saw this, and heard the heart-piercing shrieks of the poor distracted mother, boldly leaped in, and ventured his own life to save the child's. That child is now my wife! At an early age I went out to service, and had no opportunity of learning to read; for there were no charity-schools for poor boys and girls then as there are now. I have been fifty years a servant, and have only had four masters. My wife has been attentive and faithful, and with her assistance, though sometimes we were in great straits, we have hitherto supported our family consisting of three boys and four girls. It is for them I feel, when I think that after I am gone, they will only have their poor mother to look up to for protection."

Here tears prevented his saying any more. His children pressed round him, watching with affectionate anxiety his varying countenance, whilst his wife bade him be of good cheer, and remember that God never forsakes the virtuous and their seed; and how gracious he had been to his mother, when his father, losing his life, had left her a widow. "You know, John," said she, "there were six of you, and yet you have

all lived honestly and uprightly in the world, and were able to do a little now and then for your mother, who never really was in want."

The Doctor was not an unmoved spectator of this interesting scene. And the patient, wiping away his tears with what had once been a handkerchief, acquiesced in the homely consolation, and resumed his reply to the minister.

"Thus, Sir, I have contrived to go on from year to year. I have never been guilty, to my knowledge, of any very bad sin. I never stole any thing from any body, and never cheated my neighbour. I never was a great swearer, but for all that I feel something more is wanted. I am a great sinner, and am sometimes very unhappy in my mind. I am no scholar; I would fain be good, but know not how to set about it."

"You acknowledge that you feel yourself a sinner, and are conscious you stand in need of instruction," said the Doctor. "Now this is one grand step towards being made better. But, at the very onset, let me caution you against following any by-road to amendment. For in affairs of religion, as well as medicine, there are quacks who pretend to bring about a

cure, when, alas! they too frequently, to use the emphatic words of our Saviour, make their patients 'tenfold more the children of Satan.' Now such as these aim to reach the end of their course without being at the trouble to pass over the space between. Against such I must warn you, if you wish to die peaceably with heaven and yourself.

"The first thing, therefore, which I would recommend you to do, is to search your own heart, and endeavour to call to mind those sins of which you have at any time been guilty, and of which you have never repented. When you have done this, in which your conscience will be your guide, you must then humble yourself before God, and sincerely, and as well as you are able, pray to him that he will send you his help to assist you to repent, and his grace to make your repentance acceptable before him. The consciousness of your sins will show you the necessity of trusting yourself entirely to his holy keeping and sacred guidance, throwing aside all ideas of your own merits, and humbly confessing your own unworthiness and many frailties."

Their conversation was here interrupted by

the entrance of some neighbours, who came to inquire after the poor man's health, and the state of his soul; and without bestowing much attention upon the Doctor, one of them thus accosted the sick man: —

"I just stepped in, brother, to ask how you are going on in your soul; if you have been meditating on the things which I was explaining to you yesterday. Hath your faith yet assisted you to feel the Holy Ghost striving with your spirit, and giving you grace to forget every thing in this world, that you may better look upon the glorious beauties of Heaven? Have you yet felt the wonderful effect of grace working within you, and telling you that you are no longer a child of destruction, but one of the elect? But, I beg pardon, brother-preacher, I suppose you have been talking on this subject, so that I need not ask any farther questions. If, however, I can be of any use to you, Sir, I shall be very glad, for though I be not a scholar in carnal knowledge, yet, by the grace of God, I am what I am, and I think that grace and inspiration are better than all the larning and fine language that can be larnt at the Univarsity."

When he had said this, he seemed much satisfied with himself, and assumed all the air and importance of one who fancied himself an inspired teacher and a highly-gifted apostle. This consequence, however, was considerably diminished, when "the Son of the Church," with calm and dignified air, as remote from presumption as the other's was from true dignity, continued:—

"I came not here to question and dispute with you, nor any such, about matters of which, whatever may be your pretensions, you necessarily know nothing, except by name. Ignorance I pity, and am always ready to use my endeavours to instruct it; but ignorance, which, whilst it puts on the cloak of humility and religion, would be thought highly of, I detest. And though I am aware that my words will have little effect upon one who pretends to an inspiration that may be felt, and a grace that may be handled, yet I must inform you, and that with plainness and sincerity, that such assistance as yours every conscientious minister of the Established Church, as well as myself, must despise."

"I am glad you are here, reverend Sir,"

said the sick man, "to assist me in bearing up against the hard mysterious advice of him and some others, which they have lately been trying to thrust upon me; and, to say the truth, I do sincerely believe they have made me very uneasy." Here the self-constituted teacher manifesting great surprise, rejoined:—

"I only wanted to rouse you from the sleep of sin, and wake you to a sense of your unconverted state; to stir up the stings of conscience, that you might feel alarmed at the danger you were in. I only wanted to show you, that if you did not turn, you must be damned; and in order to do this, I thought it the best way to alarm your soul: indeed—"

"And yet," interrupted the Doctor, "the great author of our religion, and the pattern of all perfection, 'never broke the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax;' that is, he never terrified penitents out of their reason, nor carried dismay into 'the hearts of the contrite ones.' As his ways were mercy and goodness, so were his teaching and instruction full of gentleness and love. And shall the pretenders to tangible inspiration,—the abettors of irresist-

ible grace — the self-appointed preachers — the blind leaders of the blind, take upon themselves to

> ' Deal damnation o'er the land
> On all they deem their foe?'

Instead of winning the penitent, and drawing him on by the true spirit of the Gospel, to approach to that fountain, where 'every one that thirsteth may drink of the water of life without money and without price,' they render him so feeble, that like the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, he sees in vain the angel of comfort descend. They either terrify him from his good resolves, by disgusting him with their overdone appearance of religion, or lull him, if he only can make strong pretensions, into a false security of self-appointed salvation. And on this account it was that I warned you against these quacks in religion."

During these observations the self-appointed preacher, finding that it was in vain to combat these home thrusts, or make any farther stay, contrived to slip away, and the Doctor once more found himself alone with his patient.

" Shall I repeat to you," enquired he, " what

I was saying, when the misguided zeal of your neighbour interrupted me?"

"No, I thank you," replied the sick man; "I perfectly remember your instructions, and am only anxious to profit by them."

"That being the case," continued the Doctor, "let us now address ourselves to Him 'who gives the increase to whatever a Paul may plant, or an Apollos may water;' for without his gracious assistance after we have turned to him, all our instruction and teaching will be as 'sounding brass, or as a tinkling cymbal.'"

"But let me ask," said the sick man, "how can a poor creature, like me, hope to obtain that assistance?"

"By asking for it humbly and sincerely," continued the Doctor; "for has not the Saviour said, 'Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened; ask, and ye shall receive!' I will, therefore, beg you to join me in prayer, silently, attentively, and devoutly."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a book, out of which he read such prayers as are prescribed by the Church, and others which have

been written by some of her pious and most valuable members.

When he had finished, and repeated his instructions, he marked out for him, to be read by some of his family, such passages in the Scriptures, particularly in the Psalms, as he deemed suitable at that time; and having promised to repeat his visit daily, he departed. On his way home he met with several of his own parishioners, who, invited by the fineness of the evening, were enjoying with their families a walk into the country. Instead of superciliously judging such relaxation, the Doctor exclaimed to himself, "This is, indeed, a day of rest! and happy they who know and duly value the Christian Sabbath!"

A week had now passed since the Doctor's first visit, during which time he had expounded to him short passages and incidents which were best calculated to inspire trust in God, by exhibiting him in the character of a father and a friend, and he had the satisfaction to find that his patient was progressively advancing in the great work of his own salvation. His doubts and fears, and gloominess of mind, were gradually subsiding, and though his strength

was proportionably diminished, his trust in God grew stronger and stronger, and his faith in the atonement and merits of his Redeemer was evidenced by a cheerfulness of look and words, which, whilst it yielded consolation to his family, gave a blessed earnest that the grace of God was working within him, in a mild, rational, and silent manner.

On all occasions of his visit, the worthy Doctor was careful to call upon the attention of the whole family, and to point out to them the beautiful operation of their blessed religion, which bestowed upon its true disciples a peace and serenity of mind, a cheerfulness and resignation of disposition, which " nothing earthly gives, or can destroy." On one of these occasions, some weeks after the Doctor's first visit, when the poor man had expressed himself far more happy than he could have supposed he ever should have been made in so short a space of time, he concluded his observations with these words: —

" I am shocked when I think how I have put off this necessary searching into the heart, and holding communion with God, and I now feel truly and sincerely penitent, that though I

always kept myself from gross sins, I did not apply myself to the Fountain of all Good, to bless my endeavours. I now see the danger both of self-sufficiency, and the want of gratitude in not giving God the glory."

"Yes, my friends," observed the Doctor, addressing himself to them all, "great is the danger of delay; and I hope the younger branches of this family will learn, from the example and words of their father, who will soon be no more, to 'remember their Creator in the days of their youth;' and that the up-grown part of it will be put upon their guard to 'seek the Lord, while he may be found,' lest the evil days come, when they will bitterly exclaim, 'that they have no pleasure in them.'"

"Oh, my children!" said the penitent, with honest affection, and a sweet serenity that lighted up his countenance with a heavenly look, "if you value true happiness, and would die the death, let me beg of you to live the life, of a Christian. Begin it early, for God may not spare you as he has spared me. Let me tell you, that till I began to live unto him, I never knew what true pleasure was—I never enjoyed such sweet cheerfulness

and comfort in the days of my health and strength as I now begin to experience, though laid upon the bed of death, and exposed to want and sickness. Practise throughout your lives, what I, alas! have only now learnt, and let your want of experience be made up by mine; for remember, yes, I charge you, if you ever loved your father, never to forget his last, his dying advice—that if you would be happy, you must be virtuous and religious."

"By which," interrupted the Doctor, seeing that the poor man was exhausted, "your father means, that you must not only keep from dishonesty, swearing, lying, and such bad actions, but you must practise love and charity to one another, doing good as far as you can, and bearing all things with cheerfulness and resignation — and all this from your love of God. Even your father's death, which necessarily draws nigh, and which must naturally afflict your feelings, will be an occasion to try your trust in God, and season your faith in the furnace of affliction. If you bear it patiently, and 'sorrow not, as those who have no hope,' but as Christians, it will be a subject that will tend to your spiritual good. Above all, never fail to

pray, through the merits and intercession of Christ, earnestly and sincerely to God, and he will give you strength to bear all evils, and resist all temptations. Make him the guide of your life, and say, with holy David, 'I set the Lord always before me; he is at my right hand, therefore I shall not greatly fall.' And the consequence of all this will be an habitual reverence for every thing holy and good; which, whilst it diffuses inward satisfaction and peace through your hearts, will show itself in your actions, by imparting a steady cheerfulness to all you do, and to all you say; a cheerfulness equally remote from immoral levity and morose sullenness. For the effect of Christianity, in its only true operation, is full of goodly comfort, and sweet peace of mind. Do not, therefore, be led to suppose, that groans, austerity of manners, and want of spirits, are any proofs by which to know the true followers of the Saviour. He himself showed no such harshness nor stiffness in his conduct whilst on earth. On the contrary, as he came 'to guide us into all peace,' so his example, whilst it checked vice and immorality, was full of cheerfulness and tranquillity. Look, my young friends, look now

upon your father; and contrast the state of his mind now with what it was a short time ago; then he was gloomy, and given to despondency; afraid to die, and yet not wishing to live: now, he is cheerful and full of hope; ready to resign his soul to God, who gave it, or submit himself to whatever may be the dispensations of his good providence. The idea of religion appeared to him before, joined with terror and alarm; now it seems to him lovely and attractive; then it presented to him doubts and fears, now it fills him 'with all joy and peace in believing.' There wants but one thing to crown his faith and hope in God, and charity with his neighbour, and that is, what I expect, now that we have lately conversed so much on the subject, he will not be unwilling, but rather anxious, to perform. I mean his partaking of the Holy Communion."

"Oh, Sir," replied the poor man, his eyes swimming with tears, "how I long to share, if it please you, in that holy feast, which I have too long neglected; and for the first time, eat of the bread of life, and drink of the cup of blessing, as you have explained them to me. I do feel a great desire to do this, and then,

if it be the Lord's will, I think I shall die in peace."

"Most gladly will I administer to you this happy means of grace," answered the venerable Man of God; "and I trust all those of your family who ought, will partake of it with you; for it is the only appointed way by which we ensure salvation, if with a right mind we avail ourselves of it." The elements were now produced, and his wife and children, who were of proper age, partook in this rite of Christian love and Christian joy.

Had an indifferent person witnessed this amiable group, he must have felt an interest in it. But to the sight of a true Christian it would faintly have pictured Heaven. There stood the holy man—here lay the sick and dying penitent—and kneeling around, in mute devotion, the other branches of his family, who, like the Apostles, the night in which Christ was betrayed, were eating, for the last time in this world, with their guide, their guardian, their father, and friend! The heart of infidelity would there have witnessed enough to move it from its self-willed presumption, and the eye of scepticism might, in the contemplation of this

scene, have forgotten to doubt. It was altogether a picture, which throws over the black shade of human failings and human misery, a suspension from guilt, and a relief from suffering, whilst, at the same time, it lifts the gross affections of earth to the divine aspirations of Heaven. Even the blessed Angels, who joy in Heaven over the sinner who repenteth, might almost have been supposed to be hovering there in mute delight and wondering love, each emulous who first should catch the parting spirit, to waft it to " the bosom of its Father and its God."

Ere the dawning of another sun, without a struggle or a groan, the heavenly essence had forsaken its mortal tabernacle, and winged its flight to that place " where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The Doctor having a few days after recounted this scene, and all its concomitants, in the hearing of his young friend, Alexander Trustwell, the latter, who sometimes courted the Nine, produced the following lines : —

What sweet serenity from virtue flows!
How the rapt soul with pure contentment glows,

That owns, RELIGION! thy delightful power,
Or in affliction's, or enjoyment's hour.
As broods the halcyon o'er the troubled wave,
So art thou prompt, and powerful to save;
Fling o'er the surface of the raging deep
A soothing calm, and bid man cease to weep;
From sorrow's eye wipe off the falling tear,
And make each trial by its triumph dear.
Thou art all-pleasing; thy endearing sway
Disrobes the night of gloom, and cheers the day;
From Death's dark terrors thou canst man release,
And gild his mortal hour with joy and peace.
Let those who doubt mark how the Christian dies:
Hope beams enshrined in his uplifted eyes,
Faith bears him up, and Charity's sweet grace
Sheds resignation o'er his woe-worn face,
While his last words the heavenly truth confess,
RELIGION gives unchanging happiness.
"Thanks, heavenly Sire! thy unremitted power
Supports my soul in this appalling hour;
Thy sacred influence animates my heart,
My hope in Thee enables me to part
Resigned, from all the dearest joys on earth,
For Thou shalt bring me to a second birth.
Mark how the Christian dies whom Heaven sustains,
Whilst writhes his aged trunk with mortal pains;
And yet he glories not, save in the love
Which vanquish'd Sin, and gentle as a dove
Glides through the breast, and piloting the way,
Winds on the progress of the perfect day.
Draw near, my friends, receive my latest breath,
Already quivering from the touch of death.

O! be the love of Heaven your ceaseless care,
And let the Book of Life Eternal share
Your holy reverence, mix'd with sober fear;
Its soothing words the dullest heart can cheer;
In trying scenes they steadfast comfort yield;
Pleasure in health, in pain a sheltering shield:
Aided by them, the soul's unshaken rock,
The Christian braves temptation's ruthless shock,
And views unmoved the direst ills impend;
Virtue his guide, and Christ his hope, his friend.
The tears of agony his Saviour shed,
When hell's leagued horrors burst around his head,
Prevent the Penitent's.

My strength decays, —
Why droop ye thus? Death can no terror raise
Save to the wicked. Infidels may find
Appalling terrors shake their guilty mind;
And who in life their God blaspheme, compel
And court the goading stings and fires of hell.
O shun their ways; too late repentance wakes,
When Death's chill hand the mortal hour-glass shakes.
Be early wise, and what you fail to know,
Permit to Him, from whom all blessings flow;
Blessings how great, oh, how divinely great!
Which I will praise whilst life's slow pulses beat.
My term of days is o'er. See from the skies
The blessed Angels beckon me to rise!
I come, I come: my soul with transport swells,
And of unutterable pleasures tells.

I come: the body's grosser cares recede;
Bear, bear me, Seraphs, with angelic speed,
To Abraham's bosom. Oh! 'tis sweet to die,
For Death is swallowed up in Victory!"

THE UNITARIAN.

There is a feeling attending the funeral of a fellow-mortal, which pulsates with sympathy in the heart of every one, not wholly dead to a sense of mortality, or utterly abandoned to the grossness of sensual indulgencies; a feeling that calls forth, even in the most untutored, reflections, and maxims, which, however homely, sometimes serve, like a filtering-vessel, to refine the thoughts and ennoble the understanding. Who, indeed, on viewing the mortal remains of a child of earth carried to its kindred dust, and witnessing the slow and unequal steps of the mourners, sabled in all the habiliments of woe, can refrain either from thinking on his own mortality, or sympathising in the grief which he marks depicted in the agonized features, or hears in the unrestrained and heart-searching sobs of a widow, an orphan, or a childless parent? And who, as the bell in deep and solemn tones speaks

of death, can listen unmoved to the gracious words which commence our funeral service? "I am the Resurrection and the Life; whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," is a most apt exordium for that awful occasion, which, whilst it soothes the wounded and acute feelings of the survivors, lifts our ideas to contemplate the gracious mercies and saving love of God, and the heavenly blessings and never-dying condition of those "who have fought the good fight, and finished their course in the Lord." The whole of that sublime service is calculated in an especial degree to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded mind, and elevate it, in heavenly musings, to the contemplation of "the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort." The close and simple, yet sublime and dignified arguments of the Apostle, can never be listened to without exciting some throb of that "divinity which stirs within us." And the solemn truth that reverberates from the coffin in a hollow and deadened sound, must awake the conviction that "dust we are, and unto dust we must return." Indeed the whole of that service breathes aspirations of the most devout and glowing piety, and would

alone redeem, were other parts deficient, the various forms of the English church from obloquy and oblivion.

These sentiments forcibly suggested themselves to our pastor, on the evening on which was carried to the home of his fathers the poor man whose happy end he had been, next to the grace of God, the humble instrument in promoting. It was the hour of eve. The sun was sinking in all the sublimity of heavenly majesty behind the western hills, which reflected down their wood-crowned sides a shadowy tinge of mellowed purple. The bats were wheeling their drony flights, and the tinkling of the distant sheep-bell, like the welling of a perennial fountain, stole over the gale, and was heard at intervals, when paused the deep and echoing sounds of the village bell. All nature seemed reposing in breathless stillness, and complacent grandeur. The glowing landscape called to the Doctor's remembrance the following stanzas, which a friend of his had lately composed, in imitation of that beautiful production, 'The Evening Bells.'

That setting sun — that setting sun!
What scenes, since first its race begun,

Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are, as they had never been.

That setting sun! full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet, according thought sublime,
In every age, and every clime!

'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
The ocean's fabled caves below,
And when th' obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulses cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray,
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun!

These stanzas, so consonant with the scene and occasion, the Doctor had scarcely repeated, as he stood leaning on the gate-post of the church-yard, and contemplating the sun immerging from his sight, when he was accosted by one of his own parishioners, Mr. Hawke, a gentleman who lived in the enjoyment of a handsome income, and who, by his profession as a solicitor of eminence, was daily increasing it. He was a man of some reading, and of greater benevolence; but as an Unitarian, maintained

religious notions at direct variance with those of his Rector. They were, however, upon the most friendly terms, and in the constant habit of meeting each other, as well at their own houses, as at those of the neighbourhood. Upon these occasions frequently would the Doctor lead to the subject of their religious differences, and invite him to an investigation of their respective principles. He sought these opportunities the more, not only that he might bring conviction of the truth of his own tenets to the mind of his neighbour, but that he might not lose such an example as Mr. Hawke was capable of affording, if reclaimed, as a rational and conscientious member of the church.

"Good evening to you, Doctor," said he: "I have been invited by the fineness of the weather to stroll as far as to yonder hill, and as I am on my return to the town, I shall be glad if you are disposed or at liberty to accompany me. I look upon this meeting as fortunate in another respect: for as you know my solitary life as a bachelor drives me to the necessity of reading and reflecting more than perhaps I otherwise should do, I have lately taken up

what you have so often recommended to me, "Dr. Nares's Remarks" upon the new Version of that Testament, which was some few years since published by those of our persuasion: and I candidly confess, that after some examination, I think the Doctor has made out a strong case against that translation, and has shown good "cause for a new trial:" but, besides this, he has strung together so many counts in his indictment against the principles of it, that I know not whether judgment should not be pronounced against them. Still I cannot relinquish my former objections without another appeal to the Court of enquiry, not before the impediments which clog up my way are more satisfactorily removed."

"Come, come, my good Sir," said the Doctor; "the prospect begins to clear; the discharge of prejudice, and a thirst for impartial enquiry is more than half fighting the battle of conviction. Most earnestly do I wish the result may prove your admission of our principles. I desire this chiefly because I would have you adopt a belief in that faith which, it is the conviction of my own mind, is the true one:

and I desire it, in the next place, because I foresee nothing further to prevent our acquaintance from merging into a real friendship."

" Surely, Doctor," said he, " you do not mean to say that a man of your well-known liberality of mind can withhold your friendship from another, because he happens to differ from you on a few points of a religion, in the belief of which so many, nay, all may be mistaken?"

" Why," continued the Doctor, " if I answer you as a man, I must reply, that to all I am accessible, and refuse not to be made acquainted with any one. But as a Christian minister and a member of the Church of England, I must pause before I admit into a closer intimacy the professed advocate of a system (I will not call it of religion) which has for its object to rob the Godhead of its majesty, and Divinity of its prerogative."

" Excuse me, Doctor," replied Mr. Hawke; " I cannot comprehend you; and it is a part of my principles not to give assent to any thing which I cannot understand."

" I am aware that all who are, and profess themselves to be Unitarians," continued the Doctor, " lay great stress on their understand-

ing, and affirm that what is not intelligible to them, they will not admit."

"And, surely, Doctor, this is founded on Reason, a gift which has been bestowed upon us by our Creator, for the noblest purposes — to investigate, to search, and to give credit where it is found to be due. Else, why should that spark of immortality, which assimilates us to God, have been implanted in us, if we are not permitted to employ it, in the exercise of thought and judgment?"

"In this respect," replied the Doctor, "I will chime in with you, and become an Unitarian—but if you assert that Reason, which is the eye of the soul, is to be employed as an agent to supplant, in its aspiring ambition, the will, the counsel, the wisdom of God, I must differ from you, and declare myself a dissenter. But further, I will take you upon your own ground, and argue the matter on your own data. Laying aside Revelation for the present, we will first discuss the subject on the principle of reason. And, first, you say that it is unworthy the operation of the soul, to assent to what it cannot understand: allow me to ask you, do you believe that you have a soul?"

"Assuredly!"

"Has it operations, or certain functions to perform?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Is it also your belief that it outlives the body?"

"This indeed is my hope and belief."

"And what, may I ask you, are the component parts of yourself, or the individual man?"

"Without doubt, body and soul."

"And now," continued the Doctor, "that you have fairly admitted all this, allow me still to extend my questions. You say, you have a soul; that it operates or performs certain functions; that it outlives the body; and that the body and soul constitute the component or principal parts of man: you say also, that it is unworthy your reason to believe what you cannot comprehend. Can you then inform me in what manner the body and soul are joined, so that whilst the former exists, they act in unison, and when it dies, the other outlives it? Can you comprehend how the actions of the soul are regulated, whilst it is combined with the body? or whither it goes, when disentangled from it?

If you can give me information on these topics, you will confer a favour upon me."

"Really, Doctor, your enquiries have been so rapid, and so voluble, that I have not had time to answer to your cross-questioning. I know I have a soul, but cannot tell how it is combined with the body."

"And yet you believe it, Mr. Hawke?"

"I do," he replied.

"See then your inconsistency, my good Sir," continued the Doctor; "you insinuated that you would not admit the Trinity, because you could not comprehend it; because you could not imagine how three persons can be one; and yet, for it would be vain and impious to deny it, you believe you have a soul and body, and reason or mind, and that these three are so intimately connected, that they constitute *one whole*. Here is, by your own confession, a refutation of your darling principle, and you are by your own verdict nonsuited. Now look at that glorious luminary which frets the canopy of Heaven with living fire; it is no unapt symbol of the Trinity; for is it not composed of its body, light, and heat, and do not these three constitute one sun? Mark that lovely

star of chaste and liquid light; and contemplate the many gems of worlds, which stud the robe of night; and tell me, if your comprehension can take in or understand how these things are, or your boldness assert that they are not? Philosophers have told us the means, and Christians know the Author of all this beauty and utility; but they have not been able to discover (for that is above their reach) how these means are formed. But do they, therefore, doubt or question it? There are many operations of Nature, too, which are visible to the eye of the most common observer; and yet so secretly and mysteriously performed, that they cannot be comprehended. What is it, for instance, that gives motion and effect to this evening gale, which robs those verdant pastures of their sweetness? Whence is it, or whither goes it? We know not; yet we may not doubt its existence."

"I certainly am at a loss," said Mr. Hawke, "to answer these questions satisfactorily, and must admit some inconsistency in my first position. But if one count of my indictment be rejected, I have others which will have weight enough to cast the whole charge against you.

The Scriptures, which we all admit to be the word of God, never once mention the Trinity, and consequently give no warrant for our admitting it as an article of belief. How can you explain this?"

"Your position," replied the Doctor, "here is *primâ facie* right, but your consequence is erroneous. That the word 'Trinity' is never found in them, I allow; but that the doctrine of it is not warranted, I will maintain to be false. But the word 'Trinity' is found in the Christian writers, who had opportunities of deriving their instruction from the disciples of the Apostles themselves; and this was a full century before the author of Unitarianism, Arius, promulgated his presumptuous doctrines. In the very beginning of the Bible, the idea of the Trinity is shadowed, and there are many passages in which the Almighty is represented as speaking of himself in the plural number."

"But, Doctor, might not this be after the manner of Potentates, who, when speaking of themselves, use the plural form?" interrupted the Solicitor.

"I cannot admit a conclusion so derogatory to the majesty of God," said the Doctor. "It

is altogether impious to make any thing mortal the standard by which to measure that which is immortal. But supposing this to be so, which I cannot possibly allow, how comes it, that the inspired penman addresses him in the same style, which I can abundantly prove he does, in which God is represented as Jehovah or Elohim, — a word indicative of plurality, but having frequently a singular reference? These authorities may be found in most of the writers who have written against your spiritual clients."

"Then let me ask," said Mr. Hawke, "how it happened that the Triune Divinity was not manifested as such to the Hebrews? Or why was he not revealed so openly to all, that there could be no question whatever about it?"

"I cannot, perhaps, give you a better answer to these questions," continued the Rector, "than by asking you, why God did not in his communications by Moses, reveal clearly and unequivocally to the Jews, the Gospel scheme of redemption, and the certainty of the resurrection, which in the person of Jesus Christ was fully established? I apprehend, that even in this, if we trace the analogy of God's dealings with his sinful creatures, we shall find, that the

knowledge of himself, which he has imparted to us, has been like all other knowledge, progressively given. And that the doctrine of the Resurrection was folded up in the communications of God to the Israelites, our Saviour himself asserts, when he asked the Jews if they had not 'read that which was spoken unto them by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.' Thus that doctrine, which was obscurely revealed to the Israelites by Moses, was publicly asserted by our Saviour; and if you read the history of the earlier ages of the world, you will also find, that what was faintly shadowed in the time of the Patriarchs, was more clearly shown to the Prophets, and by them revealed to the world; till at length, in a sure and an unerring course, the day-star rose on high, and the æra of the Gospel manifested more lucidly the hidden things of old. But not too dazzlingly. For mark the sun. At first, we see the faint dawning of day-break, till rising gradually he dispels the shades, and at length shines in all the splendour of noontide glory. But even of this luminary so brilliant, and so

beneficial, we know but in part. It is only from a distance that we can view and contemplate it. If, constituted as we now are, we were by any power able to draw nearer to it, we are certain that its excess of heat and splendour would overwhelm us. In like manner, if He, who declared his name to be 'I Am that I Am,' (which implies the Trinity) and who allowed himself to be revealed progressively, were to show himself to-us, finite mortals, in all his power of immortality and greatness, we should be lost and confounded, and overwhelmed, and unable to understand or comprehend him. 'Known unto him from the beginning are all his works.' Unto whatever excellence of knowledge man is permitted to attain, either of his own, or the nature of the Godhead, that knowledge has Jehovah placed within his reach, and he acquires it progressively. But that which is solely spiritual he has, in the fulness of his wisdom, reserved for him, when, divested of mortality, he shall be wholly spiritual. Else, what exercise of faith could he have? What hope in believing in his God, his Saviour? No; the comprehension of this is reserved for Heaven alone."

"But, my dear Sir, you are only giving reasons for a mystery, which you have not vet established," said Mr. Hawke.

"Were not the subject mysterious," replied the Doctor, "there would be no need of establishing it. But having answered your question why the Trinity was not revealed, I will now, passing by the clear and luminous predictions of the Prophets, and the various types of Christ and the Christian verity, under the Jewish dispensation, bring you to the proofs contained in the New Testament; which I will do under three considerations."

"Be so good, then," said Mr. Hawke, "to state them in order; for the number three is ominous, and might perhaps only end in unity."

"Well," said the Doctor, smiling, "you shall be accommodated. But before I do this, you will, I hope, acknowledge that there is one God, and will have no objection to his being termed the Father."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hawke: "this is the key-stone of our belief, that there is one God, call him Jehovah, or Almighty, or Father."

"This being premised," continued the Doctor, "my first consideration will regard the Son,

that he is God; my second, the Holy Ghost, that he is God; and my third will prove, that these three are one God."

"Your arrangement is clear enough, Doctor," said his opposer, "and is, in fact, what your Trinity is, three separate and distinct Beings, without the power of Unity."

"Prejudge not, my good Sir," said the Doctor; "for you are well aware, that the law holds no one guilty, till trial has been had, and judgment passed And first, in respect of the Son. It is an axiom, that he who gave life can alone restore it. Now, that God is the Father and Giver of life is certain, and that he is the only one, who in his own proper right can restore it, must be manifest to all, inasmuch as that which could not live before it had existence, cannot restore it, when that existence is lost."

"Your hypothesis is plain enough," said Mr. Hawke; "but how you will be able to make this bear upon your present purpose I know not, except by keeping us in talk during the remainder of the walk."

"My purpose," said the Doctor, "is to assert and prove that our Saviour had this

power, which God alone can have; and that he actually exercised it during his ministry on earth, we learn from his recalling the widow's son to life — restoring, when dead, Jairus's daughter — and resuscitating Lazarus, when 'he had lain in the grave four days.'"

"I beg pardon," interrupted Mr. Hawke; "this power was possessed by Elijah, who restored the widow's son to life at Zarepta. This is a case in point to render nugatory your argument. There is also another, in which St. Peter is represented as restoring life to Dorcas."

"I acknowledge the truth of these miracles," replied the Rector; "but must differ with you as to the authority by which they were done. In both instances, the Prophet and the Apostle are represented as stretching themselves on the dead bodies. And Elijah *thrice* called upon God, (an oblique hint at the Trinity,) that life might be restored. Both these were the means; they evidently were only agents. But Christ of his own authority says, '*I* say unto you arise;' and the dead hear and obey his voice. Lazarus, infolded in the grave, he again authoritatively commanded to come forth, and the grave instantly gave forth its victim."

"But you will remember," observed Mr. Hawke, "that in your latter instance, we find he prayed to his Father."

"He did so," promptly answered the Doctor, "but not for power to perform this miracle. It was a prayer of thanksgiving that his power, his divinity, and mission, had now an opportunity of being manifested to men. Here, then, are three instances, in which Jesus Christ restored life when lost, and that too, by his own inherent power, which power belongs only to God. But, though I fairly might, I will not rest the divinity of Christ on this argument alone. You shall hear himself—'Destroy this temple, said he to the Jews, 'and in three days will I raise it up again.' By temple, as we learn from the Evangelist, he meant his body; and that his body did rise again on the third day is, to all who acknowledge the truth of the Gospel, as well authenticated as any other of his actions. And that his body was raised by himself, we conclude, not only from this passage, but from these words,—'My Father loveth me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself: I have power to lay it down, and I

have power to take it again.' Here is the most positive evidence from the mouth of him, 'who spake as man never spake,' that he himself was God. In the next place, when the Almighty revealed himself to the Israelites, the title by which he informed Moses he was to be addressed, was, 'I Am that I Am;' and this was in an especial manner peculiar to himself, involving, as it does, the complete idea of the Trinity. I AM 'he that was, and is, and is to come, the Almighty.' Had Christ been a mere mortal, how highly soever gifted, even beyond the endowments of an Angel — is it to be supposed that he would have assumed this title to himself? Yet this he does in several places, of which I shall now, for the sake of brevity, mention but these: 'Before Abraham was *I Am.*'— 'When ye have lift up the Son of Man, then shall ye know *I Am.*' — 'If ye believe not that *I Am*, ye shall die in your sins.'"

"What can be a more clear or undisguised acknowledgment of his equality with the Father, than his reply to Philip, asking him to show his disciples the Father? — 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet thou hast not known me?' — And again, in another place, 'He that

hath seen me, hath seen the Father.' — How will you reconcile the declaration of Christ, that 'he and his Father are one,' if you deny his Godhead, and detract from his Divinity? 'You neither know me,' was his observation to the Jews, 'nor my Father; if ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also.'— 'If God be glorified in the Son, God shall glorify him in himself, and shall straightway glorify him.' — 'He that hateth me, hateth my Father also.' — 'Now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father.' — In all which instances he assumes to himself equality with God, which as a man he could not have done, without the greatest presumption. Or how could he have called, as we read he did, the temple of God his house, if he were not in reality what we believe him to be, the Son of God, and God himself?"

"But if he were God," exclaimed Mr. Hawke, "how comes it that he died? and that before he died he was almost overwhelmed with agony?"

"Here, again, the answer is, I think, quite satisfactory," replied the Doctor. "As man he died, as man he suffered, as man he prayed;

but as God, he is 'the Resurrection and the Life.' In him, humanity and divinity were so closely united and blended, that 'he bore the iniquities of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.' Without blood, no ransom could be paid. None but God could mediate with God; and none but man could mediate for man. So then, as the mind is the organ or mediator between the body and soul, receiving its impressions from the former, and its nature from the latter, so Christ, uniting in himself the nature of the offended and the offender, as the one could only exact punishment, and as the other could alone pay the penalty of our transgressions. And in respect of his sufferings, particularly in the garden, when his pores wept blood, consider, as he himself confessed, it was 'the hour and power of darkness;' that is, all the mightiness of hell was then arrayed in active warfare against him. His divinity could not be but deeply sensible of the important office then to be performed, and of the immense weight of sins then to be carried and expiated by himself alone. In proportion, then, as his divinity was infinitely more excellent, so did his mortality more acutely suffer, beyond any thing

that mere humanity could conceive. In 'this travail of his soul,' then, he suffered 'the chastisement of our peace, and on him was laid the iniquity of us all.' I acknowledge this is difficult to be understood, but the difficulty is not therefore to excite doubt; rather to raise our faith, that as 'we now see through a glass darkly,' we shall one day behold and know Jehovah as he is. But I see we are drawing near the end of our walk; I will therefore leave the proof of Christ's Divinity, without adducing further evidence, with which almost every page of the Gospel would supply me."

"You cannot, I think, advance any arguments more weighty than you have already done, in defence of the second person of the Trinity," said Mr. Hawke; "will you then favour me with your pleadings for the third and last person?"

"The arguments for the divinity of the Holy Ghost lie within a narrower compass," continued the Christian Advocate, "because the previous points being established, there only remains one person to constitute the triune Godhead, and that person must be the Holy Spirit."

"You cannot surely mean, Doctor, to rest

your defence of the third person on this basis alone," said his Opponent.

"No, Sir," he replied; "why should I, when even the annunciation of the Angel to the Virgin furnishes me with an unanswerable argument for the Godhead of the Spirit? 'The Holy Ghost,' (these were the words of his message,) 'shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall over-shadow thee; therefore, also, that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.' Now, the child thus produced by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, would necessarily be the child of the Holy Ghost; but the angel, who announced the tidings of great joy to the Virgin, said 'it shall be called the Son of God.' Consequently, unless the Angel were as inconsistent an arguer as modern Socinians are, the Holy Ghost and God are one and the same.

"Again, the Saviour, when consoling his disciples on the prospect of his approaching death, says, 'If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again.' — 'And I will pray the Father, and he will give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth.' — And immediately after, lest

they should mistake him, he adds, 'I will not leave you comfortless, *I will come to you.*' — By which it is manifest, that he and the Comforter, or Holy Spirit, are one. And as the Holy Ghost has been proved to be God, and the Son, God, these three are all one and the same God.

"As the Comforter, also, was to abide with the Saviour's followers for ever, so does he promise, that he will be with them always, 'even unto the end of the world.' Add to which, the dreadful punishment denounced against blaspheming the Holy Ghost. And that the Apostles looked upon him as God, is clear, from that saying recorded of St. Peter to Ananias, when he reproved him for having attempted to lie unto, or deceive, the Holy Ghost, which he termed 'a lying unto God.'"

"And now, Doctor," said Mr. Hawke, "as we are just upon entering the town, be so kind as to make your argument as short as you can, by explaining to me your last consideration." The Doctor continued.

"As, then, these three are respectively and individually God, so are they all one. This we learn from a text applied by Isaiah as the words

of God, by Christ to himself, and by St. Peter to the Holy Ghost. And, moreover, Jesus, when speaking of the Comforter, which he had alleged to be the same as himself, said, 'If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and *we* (that is, the Comforter, Jesus, and the Father,) will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' And, lastly, the command of Christ to his disciples, that they should go and 'teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' is another evidence incontrovertible, not only of the Trinity, but of the unity and co-equality of it. This, also, is further evidenced by the Apostle's benediction, in which these three are all put on a level; and as they are all equally used and connected in the form of baptism, which is a dedication to God, these three must be one God. But how they are united it is beyond the power of man to comprehend. It is enough for him to be convinced of his own inability to understand his own nature, and what is manifest in the works of nature daily before his eyes. Let this, then, make him humble: and, above all, cause

him to be circumspect, that he become not an idolater, 'by setting up his idols in his heart, and putting the stumbling-block of his iniquity before his face,' which all those most assuredly do, who fashion the image of God after their own understanding, and give him a form, a shape, and nature, suited to their own gross comprehensions."

They had now reached the town, when Mr. Hawke, making a stand, —

"Doctor," said he, "I am under the necessity of leaving you here, as I have an engagement which takes me from the direction in which you are proceeding; believe me, I speak with sincerity, when I say that I am likely to derive essential benefit from our interesting discussion this evening; and when I have reflected more upon it, I may probably trouble you to enter upon it again, not as a matter of curiosity or idle speculation, but as most important to the comfort and satisfaction of my mind; for I assure you I highly appreciate your feelings towards me." So saying, he shook hands and departed.

The Rector, upon reaching home, ordered

tea in his library, and sat for some time drinking it in the silent enjoyment of his own reflections. He pondered much on the conversation which had passed in his way to the town, and like most men upon such occasions, now thought of arguments which he might more strongly have adduced to serve his purpose, but he contented himself with the intention of advancing them upon the next opportunity that offered itself. From the contemplation of this, his mind reverted to the poor man's funeral which he had attended; there was something that had made a deeper impression upon him than usual. The plain simplicity and calmness of a village-burial had powerfully struck his feelings. The slow tolling of the rustic bell — the quiet preparation of the venerable clerk for the due reception of the living and the dead — the picturesque appearance of the unsabled mourners, following slowly the corpse through the windings of the lanes in the valley below; in short, every thing appeared so quiet, so natural, and so unostentatious, so unlike what he daily witnessed in his own parish, where there was such a constant attempt at idle show, such an evident display of

vain pomp and empty pageantry, that he could not be insensible to the contrast. Besides all this, he had been struck with the air of seriousness which fell upon the spectators, among whom such occurrences were uncommon; such a dead stillness among the hearers, as they sat listening to the solemn service, and gazing upon the bier placed before them. These things crowded upon his mind, and disposed him to serious reflection; and that he might give way to such mental enjoyment, he drew from his bookcase his large quarto prayer-book, and read again, and pondered upon the beauties of the service. As he turned to the concluding page, he found a printed paper which had been long placed there, containing a poetical paraphrase of St. Paul's epistle, which he had himself formerly written as a college exercise. Of all writing, that surely is the most difficult which aims at clothing the Scriptures in language more beautiful than that in which they are already clad; and no attempt of this nature can well be successful; yet, as the Doctor's mind was absorbed in the subject, he could not refrain from correcting this effusion of his earlier days, that he might bring it still closer to its original, and by

that means give it the reflection of the only beauty of which it was susceptible.

From the low grave has Christ now rais'd his head
To tow'r in heav'n — the first-fruits of the dead;
For since by man's transgression death was giv'n,
By man, salvation was redeem'd in heav'n:
For as through Adam all men death derive,
E'en so in Christ shall all be made alive.
But each in order — to the kindred skies
The first-fruits, Christ—then shall his faithful rise.
Next comes the end, when he in judgment-hour,
(Heaven, earth, and hell, and mightiness and power,
First subject to his universal sway,)
Shall at the Father's feet his sceptre lay;
For not till all shall own his strength divine,
Shall he the empire of the world resign:
Ev'n death, the last, the mightiest foe of all,
To crown his triumph, shall his arm enthrall.
But when the Prophet sang — " That Christ must
reign,
" Till all his foes beneath his feet be slain;"
He did not mean, by this supreme command,
That God was govern'd by Messiah's hand:
For he himself effected this defeat,
And laid the foe beneath Messiah's feet.

And when all things shall be subdued to God,
The Son, as man, shall answer at his nod;
Before his presence ev'ry power must fall,
That God, the Father, may be *God in all!*

Else what shall they, who, in their earliest youth,
Have died to testify this glorious truth;
What great reward have they reserved in store,
If from the grave the dead shall rise no more?
Where's the inducement that can lead them still,
By such a faith, to seek for such an ill?
And if 'tis false, that we again shall rise,
Why should we sufferings for ourselves devise?

I swear, by all the joy my soul can give,
Which your belief in Christ has made to live,
That preaching doctrines of a future state,
Threatens me daily with a murder'd fate.

If, when at Ephesus, this truth I gave,
That Christ shall raise all mortals from the grave,
And the vile custom of the barb'rous age
Compell'd wild beasts to fight me in their rage,
What aid, what comfort, could such sufferings give,
Unless 'twere true — that all the dead shall live?
Those sad delusive dreams were surely best,
Which lull the thoughtless to oblivious rest;
" Live while we may, to-morrow seals our doom,
" And nought but darkness lies beyond the tomb."
Be not deceived! — Communications vain,
Taint e'en the purest with corruption's stain.
Awake from sin! — Arise from fancy's dream;
Let—" Christ now risen"—be your constant theme:
If this great truth your ignorance deny,
Know, that your blindness veils the Deity.
He who created can revive the frame —
Oh, think on this! and hide your heads with shame!

But some will say — How can the dead arise,
And be transported to the farther skies?
But if the future *can* the past revise,
What kind of body from the grave shall rise?
What fools are ye to urge such vain disputes!
Nature, the hand of God, your words refutes.
The seed thou sow'st decays within the earth
Before the plant is quicken'd to its birth;
And what thou sow'st, is not that body sown
Which shall appear when all the plant is grown;
No; 'tis bare grain, without a stalk or blade,
Which nature fashions to a verdant glade;
But a new body God is pleased to give
To ev'ry proper seed he makes to live.

Again, the power of God is well defin'd
In various bodies of the carnal kind:
All flesh is not the same — for flesh of man
Experienced change, when that of beasts began;
To various species, various kinds were given,
As well to fishes as the fowls of heav'n.
But this exalted pow'r is clearer found,
In all the planetary system round;
Nor is it less to be discern'd on earth,
In bodies springing from terrestrial birth.
Celestial orbs a diff'rent nature own,
To the dark substance of an earthly stone.
The glorious sun exceeds in dazzling light
The paler lustre of the orb of night;
And yet the moon a brighter light appears
Than that which twinkles from the lesser spheres.

So shall the souls come forth from death's dark night;
But each endow'd with diff'rent shades of light.

And though that body, in sepulchral gloom,
Was made a prey to reptiles of the tomb,
Yet when reviv'd, corruption shall restore
Its crumbling wealth — for death shall be no more!
And though that body was by death disgraced,
And mortal sin its mortal frame defaced,
Yet when reviv'd, dishonour shall restore
Its former grace — for death shall be no more!
And though that body was in weakness sown,
And age and sickness mark'd it for their own,
Yet when reviv'd, disease shall then restore
Its active pow'rs — for death shall be no more!
And though that body was by nature driv'n,
By carnal wants to seek supplies from heav'n,
Yet when reviv'd, God shall himself restore
Its heav'nly soul — for death shall be no more!

In these two stages of existing fate,
God shall make perfect man's intended state;
For though on earth a nat'ral frame was given,
It shall be spir'tual in the realms of heav'n.
So thus 'tis written: — Man derives his birth
From the first Adam's life-existing earth;
Whose carnal body with the soul combin'd,
Sustain'd his being, and upheld his mind:
But the last Adam, who the Just inspires
With spir'tual bodies, and divine desires,
Was made a spirit which shall soon revive
Their sleeping dust, to save their souls alive.

Still be it known, what truth cannot disguise,
That mortal bodies first in order rise :
Then comes the second, to prepare the soul,
To meet that Being who shall make it whole.
  The first man, Adam, had his mortal birth
From the mere substance of this lower earth ;
The second man — the Lord from yonder skies,
Did from the essence of the Spirit rise.
As Adam *was*, when sin contriv'd his fall,
Just so the wicked *shall* appear to all ;
And as Christ *is*, now perfect and divine,
So *shall* the glory of the righteous shine :
For as they bore man's earthly form below,
The best adapted to this world of woe,
So shall they wear that heav'nly form of love,
The better suited to the joys above ! —
Brothers and men ! — By yonder Heav'n, I swear
No mortal body can inherit there ;
For how shall aught, defiled by earth's alloy,
Bliss incorruptible in Heav'n enjoy ?
Behold ! a secret truth I now foredoom :
Some righteous bodies shall not see the tomb,
But when confusion shall the world derange,
These bodies Christ shall in an instant change ;
Or, ere the eye can twinkle — when the sound
Of the last trump shall life dispense around —
And they who live in that appalling hour,
Shall change their nature, and exalt their power :
Corruptive bodies must that day put on
The undefiled garb of incorruption —
And those now mortal must that moment be
Array'd in splendid immortality.

So, when corruption shall be deck'd by fate,
In incorruption's everlasting state,
And this, now mortal, shall at once display,
Immortal splendour and immortal sway,
The Prophet's words shall then accomplish'd be —
That " Death is swallowed up in victory!" —
Freed from disease, the perfect then shall sing,
" Where is thy vict'ry, grave; where, death, thy sting?"
The sting of death is sin, the only pain
The darts of death can bring upon the slain;
For by the poison of this fatal sting,
The law brought curses on its mortal wing. —
For ever blest be that Almighty God,
Who conquer'd these by his correcting rod,
For sin and death, the grave and legal curse,
Our blessed Lord shall vanquish and disperse.
Therefore, my brethren, since ye now are led
To know that Christ will surely raise the dead,
And that the righteous, in the realms above,
Shall be rewarded with immortal love;
Be firm, be steadfast, in that sound belief,
For future joy shall crown all present grief.
Here, then, on earth, the works of God maintain;
For know, such labour shall not be in vain.

THE CLERICAL CONFERENCE.

Dr. Freeman, from the extent of his parish and the multiplicity of its duties, had always required the assistance of a Curate; and of all his clerical arrangements, that of procuring an assistant, whose views and sentiments accorded with his own, was the most difficult to one, who, in his situation, felt called upon to make such a choice, as, while it should satisfy himself, should be no less pleasing to the parish at large. None can know, but those similarly circumstanced, how great is the difficulty to effect this sort of professional junction; because, in large towns, where the population is extensive, and the parochial duties unceasing, and where the income is generally very limited, men, in any sort of independent circumstances, will not engage where so much is required of them; and where, after all, they can obtain no greater remuneration than they meet with in places unencumbered by weekly duties, and where the services

of the Sabbath require but a very moderate degree of exertion. This statement may be thought to convey an imputation of a want of zeal and energy upon the inferior clergy; but it is a natural consequence; for men, for the most part, in every profession, prefer the easier to the more laborious pursuits of life, particularly when there is no stimulus in the shape of advantage to be derived from the exchange. There is, however, another and a better reason to be assigned for this apparently unzealous preference; and it lies in this, that the clergy who act as Curates in the country, live at less expense than those in towns; that they are more at leisure to indulge, either in the pursuits of literature, or in those of a healthier, though perhaps less useful nature; while they are removed from the confinement, the unwholesomeness, the noise and distractions of a thickly-inhabited town. These are the circumstances which operate to prevent men of any tolerable resources, and who have been enabled to pass through an academical career, from entering upon charges burdened with duties of high responsibility; and thus they leave the field for the occupation of others whose habits of life and education have

been different, and whose worldly views have been bounded by more confined limits. Dr. Freeman, therefore, like many other Town Rectors, was obliged to have recourse to some person whose abilities had carried him with credit through some good provincial school, and who had followed up his acquisitions there by persevering industry and the application of his own unassisted talents. But this was not all; for in the event of lighting even upon such a person as this, it was essential for him not merely to ascertain that a reciprocity of religious sentiments and opinions existed, but that he had a clear and sonorous voice, calculated to fill the ample space which the walls of his church circumscribed; that he was pleasing in his outward appearance, for this he knew by experience to be an essential qualification; that his style of composition and delivery was correct; that he had a strong feeling for the sacred functions of his office; that he was patient; that he was conciliatory; that he was humble, and that he was vitally religious.

Such a character he had the good fortune to meet with in the person of Mr. Deacon, a young man of plain and unassuming manners, of strong

sense, extensive reading, and comprehensive intellect. Although ordained upon the title which the Doctor had given him, he entered into the service with great address, aided by the consciousness that he was both able and desirous to discharge, to the best of his power, the service on which he had entered; and though his first discourse was delivered before a crowded congregation, he betrayed no symptoms of fear, at the same time that he exhibited no tincture of arrogance or self-sufficiency. Well might the Doctor be gratified by such an acquisition; he who ever held it as most derogatory and unbecoming, in any person who had undertaken the ministry of the church, to entertain ill-grounded apprehensions of presenting himself before any congregation. He considered it as one of the worst features of the clergy, that many of them engage in a profession, the duties of which they hesitate to discharge in an open assembly of the church, from a vain, nervous, and unbecoming fear of addressing a large or enlightened body of worshippers. — "If," he would say, "men can conscientiously think themselves called upon to enter as labourers in the Christian vineyard, they ought to qualify

themselves for their employment, whether in tilling a small part, or in assisting to cultivate the whole soil. It is the want of this feeling which causes many of our enemies to censure our established clergy, for a man is surely bound to perform his services to the extent of his powers; and though all have not the same gift, yet all are enabled to use and exert such means as have been afforded them."

Mr. Deacon, in the exercise of his good sense, had made up for want of experience, by adhering to the friendly advice of his Rector, and the parishioners had ever been ready to look favourably upon one who made every exertion to be serviceable to them. A wise regulation had been adopted by Dr. Freeman for the due and regular performance of every parochial duty on his institution, which had been attended with satisfaction to every party concerned: he had arranged stated periods in every day for the attendance of himself or his Curate at his church, and having publicly notified his plan, it was very soon and easily established; he further arranged that he and his Curate should share equally the labours of their ministry, by which means a moderate intervention of leisure was

afforded to both: and, thus, as in all other cases, a methodical arrangement and a punctual attendance to it lessen and facilitate the most laborious employments of life. In this manner had the Doctor and his assistant been engaged for some years, during which a mutual confidence and feeling existed, which, as they tended to remove all distinction between them, excited in the breast of the parishioners an equal respect for the one and the other.

It happened, as they were engaged in a well-contested game of chess, which had commenced with the dessert after dinner at the Rectory, that the servant brought in a message from some gentlemen who were then in the hall, desiring earnestly to speak with the Doctor for a few minutes; upon which they were instantly requested to walk in. There now presented themselves a clergyman of the immediate neighbourhood, attended by two other divines, and two respectable laymen, who were forthwith furnished with chairs, and as soon as seated were interrogated as to the object of their visit.

"Dr. Freeman," said the Rev. Mr. Wiseman, "I ought to apologize for intruding upon you at this unseasonable hour, but I trust you will

excuse it when I state the nature of our business to be urgent. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce to you these gentlemen, the Rev. Mr. Peachem and Mr. Africanus, who, as members of a committee of the Church Missionary Society, now call upon you to request the favour of your lending your pulpit for one Sunday to preach a charity-sermon for the benefit of that Institution. Permit me, also, to introduce the Rev. Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Levi, who attend upon this occasion to request the further indulgence, that your pulpit may be given up upon the evening of the same day, for a similar sermon for the benefit of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. We are of opinion, that, in a parish of such wide extent, both appeals to the parishioners would meet with considerable success; and that the institutions in question would have reason to thank you for the permission we now wait upon you to solicit."

"Gentlemen," replied the Doctor, with his usual temper and firmness, "this is a request which I am sorry, from the very nature of it, I must decidedly refuse. In the first place, I never have sanctioned, nor shall I find myself inclined to encourage, a system which I think

dercgatory to our profession, and of infinite detriment to our parishioners; I mean that of suffering a succession of stranger preachers to take possession of our pulpits, for the purpose of extracting from the congregation money to be applied to foreign objects; or for the still less worthy purpose of raising attention by the stratagem of novelty, and by administering excitement to 'itching ears.' No, gentlemen; appointed as I am to this responsible charge, I will make use of the best faculties which God has given me to discharge the several duties of it, or if unable to perform them myself, it has been my aim and my good fortune to select an able man as my permanent representative; and thus constituted we still stand our ground. If our parishioners, caught by the errors of modern innovation, desire change of ministers, that they may find food for idle and ill-placed criticism, or for the gratification of their curiosity, they may seek it elsewhere; the obligations upon us are plain, and those binding upon others with whom we are spiritually connected are not less imperious. In the next place, if our congregations can be excited only at the instance of strangers to yield up their charity, which they would

refuse at the intercession of their regularly authorised ministers, this is a weakness of which I would both fain spare them the confession and conceal it from the world. There are circumstances, I admit, which make it necessary for persons in my situation to solicit the aid of neighbours and friends, when, for instance, I am called upon year by year to plead the same cause for the same institutions; when it may be easily conceived, that having expended my best reasoning, and made the most powerful appeals of which I am master, I have nothing further to urge, and nothing more forcible to advance; in such a case, the assistance of my friends is very desirable, as it becomes of greater advantage to my flock than to myself: but this does not apply to the admission of strangers, those itinerary preachers, I had almost said, those importunate public beggars, whose system I so strongly deprecate."

"Well, Dr. Freeman," replied Mr. Wiseman, "it is very far from our intention to offer you any offence, particularly when soliciting a favour; would you yourself, or your Curate, oblige us by taking the cause of these institutions into your own hands? It is true, these

gentlemen are prepared for these purposes, because they think it too much to ask the clergy for the use of their pulpits, and the exercise of their talents at the same time; besides which, they are in possession of facts and circumstances that cannot fail to excite great interest in the hearers, and which lie beyond the reach and knowledge of the generality of our profession."

"I am sorry again," replied the Doctor, "to say, that neither can we comply with this, and that the denial is grounded upon the strongest reasons. To speak plainly, gentlemen, I consider the Church Missionary Society to be chiefly supported by that part of our clergy from most of whose sentiments I greatly differ; that it assumes a character to which it can lay no just claim, of being exclusively associated with the Church, when, in fact, it is connected with all parties and principles but those of the establishment; and what is more to the point, I have not that opinion of the necessity and benefits of the Institution to make it a subject upon which I could conscientiously expatiate: I would infinitely rather send the amount of any expected contribution out of my

own pocket to the ancient and venerable Society for promoting Christian Knowledge on their Missionary account, than endeavour to obtain the same means from my parishioners, to be applied in a manner which neither they nor I approve. And the request, as it respects the Institution for the Conversion of the Jews, is to me less admissible; for I make no hesitation in declaring myself on the subject of its utility and the prospect of its ultimate benefit, perfectly sceptical. I have never yet found, and I have conversed with many, any Jew thus said to be christianized, whom I could bring my mind to look upon as a real convert at heart. Incited by prospects of relief, and of temporal advantage, many have declared themselves apostatised; but none or very few in truth have changed their minds or sentiments, and those few have adopted such notions of Christianity as are, to me, unsatisfactory. No: when this great alteration is about to take place, it must be attended by means far exalted above the ordinary wit and contrivance of man. On these several grounds, gentlemen, without the bias of any narrow prejudices, and without wishing to give the least offence, by what is only in-

tended for candour, you must excuse my compliance with your desires on this occasion."

"Dr. Freeman, you must be aware," continued Mr. Wiseman, "that in soliciting the favours we have proposed, we are actuated by no selfish or interested views: we have asked as brother-Christians and brother-members of the same church for your assistance to promote a Christian work, and if you feel disposed to withhold your co-operation, we have both discharged our relative duties. It is not for me to canvass or to attempt to controvert your principles of action, though I must confess that to me they appear capable of a full confutation."

"Well, Sir, if such be your opinion, to convince you that I am neither intolerant nor bigoted to my own principles, if you have leisure, I shall be glad if you and these gentlemen will give me the pleasure of your company for an hour or two, and I will order another bottle of wine for your refreshment."

"If," said Mr. Wiseman, "we are not encroaching too much upon you, as I believe we are none of us immediately engaged; and if you will substitute tea for wine, we shall be happy to accept your offer."

Upon this the table was cleared, hats and great coats were deposited, tea was ordered, and the party drew around the fire.

"Now, Dr. Freeman," resumed Mr. Wiseman, "it was my intention to have stated to you, in the event of your granting our request, that I believe there is a little difference in religious sentiments between us, if I may judge from what I have heard of your preaching, and what I have seen of your writings. The fact is, I freely avow that I am an Evangelical Preacher, — a distinction to which I believe you lay no claim."

"Then give me leave to inform you, Mr. Wiseman," replied the Doctor, "that though it is true we do not arrogate to ourselves such a title, yet we profess to be no other in word and deed than evangelical, and, perhaps, we are as much entitled to it by our humility, as others are by their high-blown pretensions. Pardon me, I mean no offence, I mean nothing personal; but I confess it is with difficulty that I can restrain my feelings, when I find people by their professions lowering us, that they may rise the higher themselves; which I consider they do, who presume upon distinctions which

they withhold from their brethren. I declare, Sir, there is nothing that we professedly teach, either in public or in private, but we deduce from the Scriptures; and our exhortations uniformly spring from the Gospel, or from some thing vitally connected with it. For my own part, I can always conscientiously say and think with the Apostle, 'Woe be to me if I preach not the Gospel!'"

"That is all very well," continued Mr. Wiseman, "and I do not doubt but that you faithfully discharge your manifold duties; but, Sir, you must pardon me if I differ with you in thinking that the discussion of moral duties, and moral obligations, which form the chief topics of exhortation with so great a proportion of the clergy, does not constitute gospel-preaching, and, therefore, falls materially short of true evangelism."

"That I deny, Mr. Wiseman," replied the Doctor, "because, constituted as we are, so frail and fallible, it is most essential to hold forth the necessity for the strict performance of all those obligations to do good, and to exterminate evil, which we are called upon to per-

form, to render ourselves worthy, through the merits of Christ, of a final redemption; and was not this the direct object of our Saviour's personal ministry? Did he not repeatedly declare that he came to fulfil the Law, both the Ceremonial (which he did in his own person) and the Moral, by his strict observance of it, for it thus 'became him to fulfil all righteousness.' And was it not the object of all his exhortations to call men by repentance and amendment of life, to fulfil the conditions of salvation which he, by his gospel, imposed upon mankind? Preaching Morality, therefore, is preaching the Gospel, and, indeed, a most essential part of it, since it is by faith and obedience jointly that we can comply with the terms of it. All the Morality too, which we preach, is not for the gratification or pride of man, but to set forth that which distinguishes Christian, from Philosophical, Morality—'the Glory of God.'"

"Yes, Dr. Freeman," said Mr. Peachem, "we admit that cautions against the commission of sin are necessary to be held out to our congregations; but these would be rendered in a great measure unnecessary, by a zealous en-

forcement of the operation of faith alone, which would of itself produce all the effects at which you aim, and others still more beneficial."

"Permit me to observe," said Mr. Deacon, "that the charge of preaching Morality, and Morality only, is unjustly laid against us: our discourses are equally directed towards instilling a belief in the doctrines of Christianity. We commonly urge one as much as the other; and I am bold to aver, that we never separate 'good will to men from Glory to God,' neither enforce the practice of good works but as they are fruits of the Spirit, the result and evidence of that lively faith which, alone, distinguishes the true Christian."

"Here, again, we differ," replied Mr. Peachem. "I admit that you are necessarily bound frequently to enforce the leading doctrines of Christianity, because a firm belief in the truth of the Scriptures depends upon them: but those to which I more particularly allude, are such as have an especial respect to the life and conduct of our hearers, and have such a vital effect upon them, as to produce all the fruits which it is the object of the Gospel of Jesus to elicit. This, in fact, is a short method of arriving at that conclu-

sion which you aim to produce by more complicated means. You preach up the necessity of a belief of Revelation, and half your exertions are devoted to show that salvation is the reward of such a belief. You then enforce the necessity of obedience to the laws of the Gospel, which you say are the conditions of salvation; then you blend these together, and call it the Religion of the Gospel. Now our method is plainer, and more direct. We take it for granted that the truth of Revelation is admitted by all, and we preach the straight-forward, awakening doctrines of Scripture, which have the simple effect of establishing faith, and making men serious and devout Christians. For example, take the doctrine of justification. Now you must allow that no man can be justified by works, because the best of them are imperfect, but, as St. Paul says, '*by faith only*.'"

"But let me ask," interrupted the Doctor, "is faith never weak and imperfect?"

"Yes," resumed Mr. Peachem, "it is frequently both; still man cannot rely upon works, which are the cause, nor upon faith; but upon the *principle of faith*, which, alone, constitutes the means of justification. Saint Paul, when he

speaks of justification by faith only, speaks of it as it regards God; St. James, when he affirms it to be the result of works, speaks of it as it regards man."

"Permit me," said Mr. Deacon, "to say that this is a very unsatisfactory account of the matter, which is capable of a much easier, a more rational, and a more scriptural elucidation. If you would see the subject in all its bearings, and illustrated in the most evident manner, take up a volume lately published by a very learned Divine, and you will find that having scrutinized it accurately, he comes to this clear conclusion:—The Jews, and Gentiles, who had been converted to Christianity by St. Paul, conceived that their justification was to be effected by the mere act of faith; by a belief of salvation by Jesus Christ; and, consequently, seeing no necessity for taking any pains to become good, they fell into the commission of complicated sin. St. James, to correct this gross mistake, declared, in contradistinction and not in refutation of St. Paul, that justification is in the first instance by faith, but finally ensured by good works. Both Apostles, though here

speaking of the same thing, speak of it in different respects. St. Paul, principally addressing himself to the Gentiles, tells them that they are to be justified by being now baptized into the religion of Jesus, and by implicitly believing him to be their Redeėmer and Saviour. St. James, speaking to the congregations already converted and baptized, tells them their justification will be the result of their good works. So that St. Paul speaks of a *first* justification, which takes place at baptism; St. James of that *final* justification which is to take place at the day of judgment. St. Paul's has reference only to this life; St. James's to another: the one refers to things present and temporal; the other to things future and eternal: the one is by faith only, the last will depend on works; for 'God will render unto every man according to his deeds; for there is no respect of persons with God.' Now, is not this a simple and rational view of the subject? It is not a new interpretation I know, but the author to whom I allude has made it so by the masterly manner in which he has analyzed all the writings of St. Paul which bear upon this point, and has shown that no other sense can be reconcileable

either to the intentions of that Apostle, or to the doctrine which he has delivered. What, Mr. Wiseman, do you say to this?"

"Why, Sir," returned he, "as I have never before considered the subject in this light, I shall refrain from giving an opinion."

"Sir," said Dr. Freeman, "I think my friend Mr. Deacon has made out a strong case, and I doubt not but that he would be able to meet any of the doctrines of Calvin with the same success."

"Doctor," said Mr. Peachem, "you have more than once surmised that we are rigid disciples of that great and learned Reformer. I beg, therefore, so far to set you right as to declare that we are, indeed, advocates of his system in general, though we do not carry it to the same lengths that he has done."

"You are then, gentlemen, what I suspected you to be," replied the Doctor; "that is, according to modern phraseology, *moderate Calvinists*. Now, I confess, I prefer an open and an avowed enemy to one who shows himself so by halves. I do not understand the distinction, nor can I see how a preacher should only be a Calvinist in part, particularly when I

generally find that it is through fear of creating alarm that he conceals the horrors of Calvin's tenets from the vulgar eye; for however he may keep them out of sight, his principles have the direct tendency to cling to the whole. Besides, it is my firm belief, if that great man were living, he would disown connection with those who mutilated his system. But, indeed, you must yourselves well know that it is not easy to go along with him only to a certain distance, without accompanying him to the place he is going. If he compels you 'to go with him one mile, you must even go twain.' You must also excuse me, Gentlemen, when I declare it to be my opinion, that the worst enemies which our National Church has to encounter, are to be found amongst those *professing* to be her sons, amongst those who are undermining her foundations, under pretence of a zeal, which, I think, outstrips knowledge — amongst those who arrogantly style themselves 'evangelical;' assuming a most invidious and untrue distinction, founded on the notion of their exclusive preaching of the Gospel, because they preach the tenets of Calvin. These are the foes, who, under disguise of relationship, breed dissension and

promote civil wars in the bosom of the state of our Israel; for such, without breach of charity, I must esteem them. I quarrel not with open Seceders or Sectarists, because they differ in their creed with me; they are at liberty to enjoy and to maintain their opinions equally with myself; but, I own, I feel indignant, when I perceive a part of our own body starting up in direct opposition to the established opinions of our Church, and then throwing contempt upon the other, by designating them as non-supporters of the Gospel; which by implication they do, when they exclusively declare themselves to be evangelical. Gentlemen, you will think me, perhaps, rude for being thus warm, particularly as you are strangers, and are now under my roof. It is, however, far from me to give you offence; but I find it difficult to restrain myself upon a subject which excites my feelings with an earnestness beyond what, perhaps, I ought here to manifest."

"Dr. Freeman," said Mr. Peachem, "we take no offence; for my own part, I like to see a man evince feelings upon such a subject; it is one worthy of interest; but, Sir, without advancing further upon the discussion of doc-

trines, which does not seem to promise change of sentiment in either party, let us look to the fruits which spring from those which you maintain, and from those which we adopt. Look, Sir, at our lives and conversation; though we are all frail creatures, do you commonly find those of our persuasion implicated in the commission of such crimes as continually stain those who profess themselves of your belief? Do you see the members of Calvinistic congregations commonly arraigned before our Courts of Law? Do you meet with culprits and offenders among them? Are they not all of a very different stamp? You can answer these questions well, Dr. Freeman; for I understand that you are a Magistrate, and, therefore, you must have observed the fact."

"Upon my word," replied the Doctor, "it is my firm belief that you are mistaken in the matter altogether; my observations have been extensive, and you must give me leave to say, what I am persuaded the bench of Magistrates will also support, that the culprits and offenders brought before them, are those that have little, I might say, no religious principles at all. I declare, also, that the lower orders of the

people, excited by your high pretensions, and allured by the doctrines which you promulgate, (for you must recollect that they are all included in the number of those elect who cannot fall from grace,) are excited to unnatural severity of conduct, and are certainly those not commonly numbered among the public transgressors; but give me leave to add, neither are those who attend with any degree of punctuality to our exhortations, or those upon whom any exhortations have any effect at all. No, Sir; you can gain nothing by having recourse to this supposed criterion of religious merit; it makes no more for you than for us."

"I remember an instance direct upon the subject," observed Mr. Deacon, "which occurred in the last year at York. It was that of a man who was convicted for the murder of his wife; who, on being interrogated in private, for the motive of so horrid a deed, replied, 'that he was fated to do it, and could not help it.' This man was member of a Calvinistic chapel."*

"Well," continued Mr. Wiseman, "sup-

* It was the case of William Thompson, of Hamley, near Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire; a fact well known and well remembered in that neighbourhood.

posing our conjectures upon this class of the people to fail, what is the effect of our doctrines upon the community at large?"

"Why," replied Mr. Deacon, "the effect is, that your adherents assume an austerity which is unnatural, and which is at enmity with a perfect reconciliation to all within. They are in a great measure unfitted for the cares, the troubles, and the trials of life, in all of which there is as much religion to be shown as in acts of devotion. Men are placed in various situations, circumstances, and degrees by Providence, and it is as much a religious duty to discharge these with cheerfulness, as it is to dedicate every seventh day to acts of solemn worship."

"Well, then," said Mr. Wiseman, "how do you reconcile your own tampering with worldly amusements, pleasures, and recreations, when, as the Ministers of the Gospel, you ought to devote every moment of your time to greater and more important objects, and when it becomes you to set an example of piety and solemnity more consistent with your sacred calling? You must remember that we found you engaged in a manner not altogether correspond-

ing with what we think essential to the character of the Ministry."

" Sir," resumed the Doctor, " our views and yours are at direct issue. We conscientiously hold, not only that it is lawful to indulge in any amusements which are in themselves harmless, and which engender no evil propensities, but we hold it essential to mix and to partake in whatever can rationally promote the enjoyments of life. We find that we can exert ourselves the better after a temporary relaxation. We find that our thoughts vary by such interruptions, and break out into suggestions more profitable to ourselves and to others. We find that we yield to the Almighty a homage, by evincing ourselves happy in the situations in which he has placed us. We consider that he may be as efficiently, nay more earnestly served, by a cheerful, than by a gloomy mind. We find it necessary occasionally to turn the current of our thoughts and actions into different channels, that we may invigorate and fertilize the mental soil more generally. And with respect to the imputation of unprofitably employing our time in the particular allusion to the game in which

you found Mr. Deacon and myself engaged, I believe it is generally admitted that it has a tendency to strengthen the mind; that it has suggested hints that have been employed with advantage by statesmen and heroes; and I find myself indebted for some useful reflections which it has occasionally suggested to me. Indeed, Mr. Wiseman, I consider that you and I have now been engaged in something like a game of chess; for, with the assistance of my Curate as a Queen, and the Divine whom he has quoted, as a Bishop, I flatter myself that I have checkmated you, though supported by your two Reverend friends in the capacity of two Rooks, and these two gentlemen as your two Pawns."

"Sir," rejoined Mr. Wiseman, "not knowing the game, I do not understand the application of your remarks, and consequently cannot appreciate the wit of them; but leaving you to the enjoyment of your imaginary conquest, I beg leave finally to ask you, whether you are now at all inclined to favour our request?"

At this moment the servant entered the room, and stated to the Doctor that there were two females in the hall who entreated his immedi-

ate aid, as a Magistrate, in a matter of consequence.

"Gentlemen," said the Doctor to the strangers, "will you permit me to leave you for a few minutes under the protection of my friend and Curate, Mr. Deacon? and before you have finished your tea I will return, and then state to you the insuperable objections I have against permitting the object you solicit; which it is my wish to do in a manner to convince you that I have no desire to gratify illiberal prejudices, but that I must do so as a real matter of conscience." So saying, he left the room.

Mr. Levi now, turning to Mr. Deacon, gave the subject of conversation another cast, by saying, "I presume, Sir, the situation of Curate here, in a place of so much duty, must be lucrative, if you are paid in proportion to your labours?"

"Sir," answered Mr. Deacon, "men in our Church are not remunerated according to the quantum of duty which they perform, for, generally speaking, where there is most to do, the income of the Incumbent is less, and consequently he is unable to afford any

thing more than the common stipend to his assistant."

"I think," continued Mr. Levi, "it is a great defect in your Establishment, that though there are such ample revenues for the support of your Ministry, the greater part of them, and those not uncommonly the most deserving, go unrequited with any thing beyond a bare existence; and the defect is the more apparent, from reflecting that not less than one-tenth part of the produce of the land goes to the maintenance of a priesthood, comprehending about an eightieth part of the nation at large."

"Sir," said Mr. Deacon, "I should have expected that remark to have been made by any other person, rather than by one whose name imports him to be a Jew by birth, if not now so by religion; for you cannot but know that under the Jewish theocracy, the priesthood, which was of divine appointment, enjoyed a revenue equal to one-fourth part of the entire produce of the Holy Land, as well animal as vegetable, though the service of the priests was nothing in comparison with ours, and the number of the priesthood about a fiftieth part of the nation. The disparity was still greater

in favour of the Jews; for though our church has a claim to a tenth part of the produce of the soil, yet it is admitted on all sides that in a very few, if in any, instances is that proportion obtained: and out of this the clergy pay their just and equal proportion of all national and parochial taxes."

"But," observed Mr. Africanus, "supposing the matter to be thus, how infinitely better and more just would it be, if the income of the whole Church were equally divided amongst all the clergy!"

"In this," said Mr. Deacon, "I should not be at all disposed to join with you; for though eventually I might gain a small advantage, it would be outbalanced by the loss which the Church would upon the whole sustain."

"How that can possibly be the case," interrupted Mr. Africanus, "I am quite at a loss to conceive."

"Why," continued Mr. Deacon, "upon a calculation which has been made with some degree of accuracy, it has been found, by taking the incomes of the Universities, then of the dignitaries of the Church, and those of the parochial clergy, and by making an equal distribution of

the sum total among the Ministers of it, there would only result to each, a sum not exceeding 170*l.* per annum. What then would be the state of the priesthood? By abolishing the dignities and emoluments, both Church and State would be sufferers, for where would be the stimulus to excite emulation in the mind? Withdraw these rewards, and what would become of all that fund of intellectual treasures which is now so copiously distributed by men of superior talents, cultivated abilities, and exemplary characters? As well might you expect to equalise the various ranks and members of the Army or Navy."

"But," rejoined Mr. Africanus, "do men of the greatest talents and worth generally succeed in obtaining the distinctions of which you speak? Do not these things commonly fall to such as have greater interest than merit?"

"I admit," replied Mr. Deacon, "that this is too often, though not generally the case; but you are to remember that the Church is unable to provide for all its Ministers; and as the greatest part of them are meritorious, it follows as a necessary consequence, that much worth and much merit must go unrequited; still this is by no

means to be regarded either as an evil or as a defect in the system, for this inequality is attended with a benefit outweighing all its disadvantages."

The Doctor now returned, accompanied by the two litigant females, who had called in his aid.

"Here, Gentlemen," said he, "here is a case which falls more into your province to rectify than mine. Here are two women who live in the immediate neighbourhood of each other, both my parishioners, but who have left my Church to attend another at a distance, where, they say, the Gospel is preached. It appears that there have been some high words between them, and having proceeded from words to blows, they now come for my interference. The matter in dispute is this;—Having quarrelled about some trifling business ———"

"Please, your Worship," said one of them, "'twas not I that quarrelled, but she——"

"That," said the other, "is not true——"

"Women," said the Doctor, "I insist upon your silence; I will not have a word uttered until you are called upon to do so.—Gentlemen, these women, I say, having had a dispute upon

some temporal affair, must needs vent their spleen in spiritual allusions. I repeat it; they both attend at the same place of worship, but in the heat of their tempers, the one declares the other not to be included, like herself, in the number of the Elect, and, consequently, is a Reprobate; now this vile aspersion the other cannot tolerate; opprobrious terms follow, and blows ensue. How am I to deal with them? What is it that you have to say for yourself, Mrs. Gustall?"

"Your Worship, the case is this: I set my tub to catch rain-water, and when it is full, and my back is turned, then comes neighbour Scourem, and fills her pails with it. Seeing her do the theft, I taxes her with it, and she denies stealing, though I see her with my own eyes."

"What say you to this, Mrs. Scourem?"

"Why, your Worship, I had as much right to set my pail where her tub was placed, as she had, and it can't be called stealing, when the property belongs to nobody; and I told her if I was a sinner, the rain fell upon the bad as well as the good. But, your Worship, what right has she to say that I am not one of the Elect? I go

to the same Church, and we are all there elected, no one being so more than another. Then she accuses me of the most horrible crimes, which she says I have committed; and if my hands are not so clean as others, I know they are as much so as her's, for she has been a notorious bad woman, and that she knows as well as I do. But then, what does that argify, if we are predestined to be saved, as the Minister says we are? What signify the filthy rags, if we are made clean by grace? But if I an't to be of that number, but am to be a Reprobate, why, your Worship, it is all up with me, and it don't signify what I do; but 'tis a hard thing for a poor, helpless soul not to wish to live, and to know when she dies she must be wholly lost! Isn't this enough, your Worship, to make any body angry? and so, you see, I only threw the tub at her head, and now she is ready to murder me!"

Mr. Wiseman now rose from his seat, and taking his hat, while his friends were summoned to do the same, addressed himself to the Doctor.

"We see, Doctor, that you are engaged, and as we have some things necessary to be done

now, in the failure of our application to you, you must excuse us."

They immediately left the room; but the Doctor turning to the combatants, continued,—

"You unneighbourly and irreligious women, I shall to-morrow bind you both over to keep the peace, and I shall require of each of you one good and sufficient surety to answer for your good behaviour; and I think you cannot do better than get the clergyman, whose church you attend, to stand your bail.—You may go!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gustall, weeping, "I wish your Worship had spoken sentence before those Gentlemen went out of the room; for then I could have asked Mr. Wiseman to stand surety for us, as your Worship advises, for *he is our Minister!*"

THE LITURGY.

In the Church which had the benefit of the services of Dr. Freeman and Mr. Deacon, the Holy Sacrament was regularly administered once a month. By this wise regulation, frequent opportunities were afforded to the pious part of the congregation to partake in the Feast of the Lamb, and of laying at the foot of the altar the burthen of their cares, and the weight of their sins; whilst the less devout were warned by the admonitions of their Pastor, in his earnest and oft-repeated invitation to the Holy Communion, of their danger in neglecting an ordinance so full of comfort, encouragement, and hope, and so essential to their salvation. The good effect of this shade of likeness to the Apostolic times was yearly more visible; and the good Doctor had the proud satisfaction of seeing the number of communicants more than trebled from the time he had multiplied the observance of this Christian practice. There were, indeed,

persons who considered such a recurrence unnecessarily frequent, and who consequently satisfied themselves with a participation of the ordinance once or twice in the year, more as the qualification to hold some secular office than to secure any spiritual benefit. Among these was a Mr. Heron, a man who had acquired a handsome competence by means best known to himself. They who were acquainted with him fifteen years ago, were astonished to find him transformed from an Attorney's scribbler, on a very limited salary, into a Gentleman of independent fortune. But though this Protean effect had taken place in his circumstances, it was not difficult to delineate the original chicanery of character, the low trick of petty cunning, and the meanness of upstart gain. Like the monkey who had seen the world, and contrived by dress and foreign habits somewhat to alter his native form, but who, nevertheless, was a monkey still; Mr. Heron's appearance, though garnished and set off by a curricle and pair of bays with gilt harness, could not wholly blind the eyes of the world to his true nature, and lethefy the remembrance of his former habits and condition. As, therefore,

he found that his admission into that better part of society, in which character, demeanour, and respectability are more regarded than a long purse and stylish equipage, he resolved, in the true spirit of his Satanic Majesty, who deemed it better "to reign in hell than serve in heaven," to put himself at the head of a party in the parish, which had for its object a speciousness of good; but which, in reality, opposed the better-disposed, merely because they were friends of order. Headed by such a man, the refuse of the parish, to whom faction is a blessing, and discord food, were more ready to clog the wheels of parochial management, than by putting their shoulders to them, to enable the officers to conduct all things orderly, peaceably, and well.

There were others, also, who from one reason or another, though regular attendants on Divine Service, neglected to join in that goodly company, who "took the cup of salvation and called upon the name of the Lord." Among these, in particular, was Mr. Armstrong, a man in other respects strictly orthodox, and a constant worshipper in the Church of his Forefathers with his "family and wife," but who, on all occasions of the Sacrament, kept away.

This man had, by dint of a persevering industry and a strict line of honourable dealing with his customers, contrived to realise a small independency, and at the age of fifty resigned to his two eldest sons the full management and profits of a business, by which he had attained his present rank in society. Probity and integrity, though clothed in rags, command respect, and sooner or later attain that notice from society, which is never withheld from deserving objects. So was it with Mr. Armstrong. He was received and esteemed by a large circle of respectable neighbours. And though he could not wholly cast off the technicality or dapperness of his former way of life, his unblemished character was deemed a sufficient salvo for his "smack of the counter." He had lately been introduced to Dr. Freeman, who had made two or three friendly calls upon him; the last of which Mr. Armstrong was returning on a morning which followed the Sacrament day, when, after the usual interchange of salutations, he begged to thank the Doctor for his beautiful sermon on Christian Unity preached the day before.

"There was something in it, Reverend Sir," he observed, "which took my attention very

much. It was pretty and pathetic, and as I used to say to my customers when I had an article I could recommend, the texture was so fine, and the colour so tastefully blended, that it was both pleasing and useful."

"Really, my good friend," said the Doctor, whose good humour exceeded his vanity, "your compliment is so complex and twisted, that I, who am no adept in the machinery of Spitalfields, am somewhat at a loss to comprehend it. But, however, I am glad you approve of any thing which I address to my flock, as it is my wish to attract, only that I may instruct. But do you not think, that Mr. Deacon's discourse yesterday, on the Sacrament, was not only well delivered, but ably and satisfactorily handled?"

"That it was well delivered," replied Mr. Armstrong, "I readily grant, because that I understand; but of its ability and satisfaction I am unable to speak, as it is a subject on which I have never made up my mind."

"This confession," said the Doctor, "gives me room to hope that you will have no objection to discuss the subject with me, and, luckily, here comes my friend, Mr. Deacon."

Here the worthy Curate was introduced, to whom the Doctor related the subject of their conversation, and begged that he would take part in it.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Armstrong, who had drawn out his watch whilst the Doctor was speaking, "I find that I have not time now to enter fully into this question; but whenever both of you are disengaged, and will condescend to drink tea with Mrs. Armstrong and myself, we shall be proud of the honour of your company. Perhaps you will favour us this evening."—The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Armstrong took his leave.

When this morning visitant was gone, and the two Divines had sat about half an hour, discussing the merits of popular publications, they were interrupted by the noisy clattering of horses' hoofs, mixed with the rattle of carriage-wheels, which all at once subsided at the door, and was followed by a loud thundering peal upon the rapper.

"Who comes here?" was the mutual exclamation; "I dare say it is—"

"The Honourable Mrs. Draymore," was announced; who came forward with all the height

of step, and loftiness of gait, which conscious beauty, a large jointure, and a fashionable education can confer. "To you, my good Doctor, and you, Mr. Curate, for I really forget your name, I offer my morning salutations. It is now some weeks since I either saw or heard of you. The fact is, my time is so completely taken up in raising subscriptions for religious purposes, six days out of seven, and the other day has lately been—"

"Not spent, Madam, in that house of God," interrupted the Doctor, "in which you were wont to be regularly seen."

"Though I have not been found, Doctor, among your flock, I have been attending places of worship in which I have heard the cause of God, of religion, and of humanity, advocated in several chapels, in which have been made collections that would have delighted the Apostles themselves. There are—let me reckon,—one, two,—at least six, that have lately occupied my attention, and drawn from all the neighbouring country large crowds of Christians."

"Yes, and money from the pockets of those who could ill spare the contents," again interrupted the Doctor. "You will allow me the

liberty of an old friend to observe, that it would have been more becoming the Hon. Mrs. Draymore, to be found in the Church of her Forefathers, than in conventicles, or schismatic assemblies."

"Quite barbarous, Doctor. The Church of my Forefathers! how unfashionable! As if that ought to have any weight with me, who am now patroness of half-a-dozen societies, which can boast of reckoning nobility among their members. Besides, the old-fashioned style of worship, which our forefathers observed, is too antique and dull to suit me. I would have as great a change take place in this as has been effected in dress. I know of nothing to which I can better compare it than the stiff, starch, prim, demure costume of former days."

"And," replied the Doctor, "there is nothing to which your new and popular worship may more aptly be likened, than the thin, gauzy, crimped, transparent ton of modern times. Here, Madam, we each find a simile, suiting our respective habits and taste. But as you deal more in similes than I do, Mr. Deacon, let us have your opinion on the subject."

"The brilliancy of Mrs. Draymore's wit sparkles so vividly," answered Mr. Deacon, "that I dare not venture any opinion, lest I be deemed barbarous and unfashionable."

"Very modest, indeed, and very becoming," observed the lady. "But, to speak the truth, Doctor, I begin to find your Church prayers too long, too tedious, and too dry; they want also novelty."

"Rather say," answered the Doctor, "that the taste of many in these days is so vapid, flimsy, unsound, and fastidious, that every thing venerable, established, and good, operates as a nauseate. Now, my good lady, where lies the fault?—in the form of prayers, or in those who pray? I am old-fashioned and ungallant. My years may plead my apology. But here is my fellow-labourer, who, though not half my years, entertains the same opinion as I do."

"I shall be very glad to hear any argument either you or your friend may advance," said Mrs. Draymore, "only do not be too prolix, for remember, 'brevity is the soul of wit.'"

"Doctor," said Mr. Deacon, "I have an engagement which calls me another way. I am sorry I must now take my leave of you. At six

o'clock I will call again to attend you to Mr. Armstrong's." Then bowing to Mrs. Draymore, he left the room.

"You will probably have more reverence, Madam, for established prayers, when I inform you, that our Liturgy is founded upon institutions which have God for their author," said the Doctor.

"That may, indeed, give sanction to your prayers," she replied, "but they would, nevertheless, be more attractive, if they were not a set form. It is the extemporaneous mode of praying which gives Sectarists such an immense advantage over the establishment. There is something in a prayer uttered off-hand that wins attention, and can be better adapted to the several wants and circumstances of a congregation than a set form."

"And yet, my good Madam," replied the Doctor, "that mode of praying which wins your admiration, is a preconcerted and set form of words. Nay, start not; however original and off-hand the prayer may be in the mouth of the preacher, it becomes a fixed and prescribed form to the congregation, who must either follow his words and expressions, or

cause a confused jargon of sounds, without sense or piety. Thus your conventicles afford a more arbitrary mode of worship than can possibly be objected to us. For I assert, it must be much better to know before what you are going to address to the throne of grace, than to be the mere automaton of any one, whose ravings pass for zeal, and incoherencies for inspiration. Now, Madam, what have you to reply to this? Strip your would-be original prayers of their apparent novelty, and divest them of their outward trick, and what are they? Unless they be pre-composed, and I will venture to assert, that in almost all cases they are, they will too often abound with inconsistencies, and be full of wildness and cant. But if they are pre-composed, then are they to all intents and purposes no longer extemporaneous, but what you so highly deprecate in us, 'a set form.' But farther yet, —"

"Hold, hold; allow me at least the privilege of my sex; for if I may not talk, I may not live," said Mrs. Draymore, with a smile. "You will not easily prove that your Liturgy is modelled after inspired forms, because that which flows immediately from the heart must have more of

inspiration in it than that which is written in characters which any dull soul may know and learn, who is possessed of the knowledge to discern A from B."

"Your objection, if true, would also exist against the word of God. But besides, have you forgotten that Moses and the Israelites used a set form of thanksgiving and prayer? Since we cannot suppose that they could all join simultaneously, and with one voice and tune in that song, unless they had first composed and then learned it; for they not only sang but danced to it. Ezra, too, constituted a prescribed form of service for the temple, 'after the ordinance of David, king of Israel;' and Ezra was inspired by the spirit of God. If he then thought a prescribed form necessary, how much more so is it for us, who are not possessed of the same inspiration? This 'set form' was used by the Jews in the time of the Saviour; and that he and his disciples used it, may be inferred from the absence of any charge against him for neglecting it. I had forgot to say, that Ezra and the wise men of the great council also prepared eighteen benedictions or prayers, adapted as well for confession as peti-

tion, for intercession as thanksgiving to God; and these were used by the Jews till the destruction of their city. John the Baptist, also, taught his disciples to pray, and that the Saviour did the same, the Lord's Prayer is an irrefragable evidence. And the circumstance of his using the same words at three different times in the garden, during his agony, is no less convincing. Add to which, the form given by God himself, in Deuteronomy *, and the Psalms of David, many of which are set prayers. And that the early Christians had a form of worship, we learn not only from the Apostles themselves, but from the various authors, who, in each succeeding age, wrote on this subject."

"Your arguments are strong, I confess," said Mrs. Draymore, "yet I must declare myself rather sceptical, after all, on this subject. The prayers are too long, not sufficiently comprehensive, and not fervent enough."

"As to their length," replied the Doctor, "give me leave to say, that they are only too long and irksome to those whose eyes are taking the pattern of every fashionable article of dress

* xxi. 7, 8.

in the Church, and reconnoitring every countenance within observation."

"Why, you barbarous man," said the lady, "can you really think that withdraws my attention? But supposing it does, the fault lies in their prolixity and heaviness, and this is another reason why I congratulate myself in having escaped from the rude customs, as well as costumes, of my simple forefathers."

"That the Church prayers are not sufficiently comprehensive, is a strange assertion. Mention one single thing which man has occasion to supplicate at the throne of Heaven, and I will point out some part of our regular service full upon the point. Does the sinner sue for pardon? What confession can be more plain or contrite than the one found at the commencement of our service? Does he entreat for grace and God's holy help? Are there not many prayers express for this? Are not all moral, all social, all spiritual duties comprehended in the Litany? Can, indeed, any thing be conceived more suitable to every condition, circumstance, and casualty of life, than what our Church prayers contain? Next to God's own book, they are the most precious

treasure we can possess. They breathe piety, devoutness, faith, hope, charity. They are so attempered, so full of good sense, and yet so replete with holy feeling, that a second deluge of ignorance and vice must overrun the world, before their value can be totally disregarded. No, Madam, next to my Bible I venerate my Prayer-book; and in despite of profane parodies, impious raillery, and sectarian indifference, I will store it up as the greatest blessing the Church has known in her latter days. If those who complain of dullness, prolixity, and insufficiency, would join fervently with heart and soul in them, they would soon be ashamed of their objection, and be ready to advocate their cause as warmly as I do."

"Well, my dear Doctor," replied the lady, "as Festus said unto Paul, 'when I have a more convenient season, I will hear you further.' At present have the goodness to ring the bell for my carriage. Do not be afraid that I am totally lost to you, or that my place in your Temple shall never know me again, I respect your virtues as a man, and your conduct as a minister, too much to leave you wholly." So saying, she shook his hand and departed.

When the rattle of the carriage-wheels was no longer audible, the Doctor, seated in his elbow-chair, began, as was his custom, to canvass within himself his morning's conversation. Whilst he was thus engaged, his worthy Curate was witnessing a most interesting scene, which had casually presented itself to his notice. A woman had that morning brought to the Church, for his signature, a paper by which her husband was entitled to a small quarterly pension. There was something in her appearance that forcibly attracted his attention, and his enquiries respecting her and her husband ended in his resolving to visit them. For it was part of the system adopted by the Rector and himself, in imitation of "the great pattern of perfection," to omit no opportunity of doing good; but wherever a lost sheep was found astray, they were ever ready to bring it back to its fold; or wherever a wounded Samaritan was discovered, they were ever prompt to pour in the oil and wine, and set him forward on his way. Without much difficulty Mr. Deacon found the house in which the objects of his present attention resided; it was situated in a long, narrow, dirty street, near the banks of

a navigable canal, which formed one of the boundaries of the town. In this street he had witnessed many a scene of misery; and in it he had been the happy instrument to silence many a doubt, ease many a surcharged heart, and wipe away many a tear. But, perhaps, on no occasion had he experienced a sight more calculated to draw forth his pity, his advice, his assistance. On entering this abode of suffering, his eyes were attracted to one corner of the room, in which was placed a low kind of bed, pressed down by the tortured limbs of one whose broad and squary form had once ranked him among the strong; and whose countenance, though distorted by pain, and furrowed by age and toil, displayed the honest and open character peculiar to a British seaman. A very slight coverlet, composed of so many and such various-coloured patches that it was difficult to tell its original, was his only covering. One broken chair and an old sea-chest constituted the sole furniture of the room. On the latter was sitting a female nursing a half-clad child, whose present appearance

"Gave the sad presage of its future years,
The child of misery baptiz'd in tears."

A deep tinge of shame suffused the countenance of this young creature when the Curate entered; and she sought, by hiding her head behind her infant, to conceal her confusion, which was on that account rendered the more apparent. The woman whom Mr. Deacon had seen at the Church was busily employed washing, though it was evident that she was scarcely able to support herself by the side of her tub.

"My friends," said the benevolent Curate, "attracted by the application of this good woman, I am come to visit you, more particularly as I understand that you (addressing himself to the mariner) are grievously afflicted, and unable to assist yourself. I beg to ask what is there in which I can be serviceable to you? for I am sure that whatever lies within the power of myself or Dr. Freeman that may be useful, will most readily be done for you. Inform me, then, that I may endeavour to administer to your comfort."

"Comfort! your Honour," replied the poor man; "alas! there is no more comfort for me in this world. Neither in body nor mind can I obtain any rest. My limbs are all racked with pain, and all my happiness is wrecked and

quite adrift." Here he cast a look of intense feeling at the young woman, down whose cheeks tears were fast trickling, and whose bosom heaved with a heavy sigh. "Comfort! your Honour," he continued,—"yes, I once was comfortable; I once was happy."

"And what," enquired Mr. Deacon, "has caused this unhappy change? I hope you do not speak thus merely from your bodily suffering, or from any doubtings of mind. Tell me honestly, I beg of you, for though 'heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.'"

"No, your Honour, no; I should be ashamed to have it said, that I, who have been in the midst of bullets, and swords, and splinters, complained because my limbs were painful. That, your Honour, would be a disgrace to a British Tar. I have seen hunger and danger without murmuring; and I never flinched when our surgeon sawed off the remnant of this stump," laying his hand upon his knee; "and I should be very sorry to flinch now, though my old timbers are plagued with rheumatics. But your Honour"—here he paused as if to collect resolution to go on. At length he continued—

" But your Honour, a shot has struck my main-sail," now laying his hand upon his heart, " and my crazy vessel can make but little way. Polly," he said, turning to the young woman, " come here and give thy poor old father a kiss, and help him to tell his story."

" O father!" replied the young woman, in a tone that withered as she spoke, " spare, spare me this."

The old woman now dried her hands, and leaning her elbows on the tub, took up the story in these words: " You see that young woman, your Honour; she is our daughter, and as clever a girl she was as any body's, aye and as good too, before — Oh, Sir, before she was led away by a young fellow, who ruined her. That, your Honour, is the cause of all our present misery and distress. Before this we worked hard, and lived very comfortably; our earnings were, to be sure, trifling, but they, with my husband's pension, were plenty for our support. He has served —"

" Sue," said the old Tar, " let me tell my own story. I am a thorough-bred sailor, your Honour, for both my father and grandfather were so before me. Six-and-forty years, your

Honour, I served my king and country, and I am proud to have been under the command of Rodney, Howe, and Nelson, for they were true bits of English oak, and I hope they are now anchored in heaven. About twenty years since I married, but had'nt been long on shore before I was called off again to action; and when the gallant Nelson lost his life, I lost my leg, and was then laid by, as unfit for service. My wife and child, and myself, came then to live here, your Honour, for this was her native place, and she had many good friends that employed her to wash for them, and so we brought up this young woman as well as we could, and she learned to read, and she was always very good and very steady; and two years since she went out to live in a family, where her mother was charwoman, and there, your Honour, she was deceived by a scoundrel who had promised her marriage. But she is not a hardened sinner, and the misery she has suffered, and made her mother and me suffer, has been a severe punishment to her. We have scarcely weathered the storm: for we have all been ill, and our landlord has taken away almost all our furniture for rent, because I could not pay him directly. I

could bear my own sufferings with patience; but when I think of my poor girl's situation, and her past guilt, I am quite unmanned. There she is, and her poor bairn with her. She has tasted nothing for two days, and that's a bad thing for a nurse."

"Father, father!" exclaimed the young woman, "you forget what comforts you have given up for my sake; you have spent all your little pension; your furniture has been taken away; you have made yourself so poor, that you cannot buy even tobacco; and you forget that if I haven't eaten for two days, it is longer since you and my mother did."

"Peace, child," said the old Tar, "do not blab so much; why did you tell his Honour that?"

"But why did you not wish me to know it?" enquired the Curate; "surely it was necessary that I should know the circumstance, in order to form a just estimate of your character and sufferings, and afford you relief. I admire your manliness, and I trust you will one day reap your reward. With respect to your daughter, much as I abhor the wretch who has ruined her peace, and blame her for allowing him to have

done it, yet you, as a father and a Christian, could not have acted otherwise than you have done. You have interposed in time; and I trust that by so doing you will be able to save her from plunging into that pit of vice and horror, which they too often fall into who err as she has. You say she is penitent and has suffered much. May her penitence be lasting and sincere, and receive its completion by her suffering! I should ill discharge my duty, seeing you circumstanced as you are, were I to utter reproaches. No, young woman; your own conscience will do that, without any other help. I will rather console you, and endeavour to direct your thoughts to that gracious Being, who tempers his justice with mercy, and rejects not the vilest of sinners. I will not say, endeavour to forget the past. No, let it ever remind you of your own weakness; and point out to you that, unless assisted by your kind and merciful God, you are in danger of falling: and when you think you stand firmest, 'take heed lest you fall,' for then is your greatest danger. To him, therefore, apply, who alone can give you peace, and may He 'who heals the broken heart,' bless your endeavours. In the meantime you shall not want

that assistance which regards either your body or soul. And I fervently trust, that you will again see better days, and that your fire-side may again smile as it was wont to do."

"God grant it too," said the old woman.

"Amen," answered the Tar, and his countenance rather brightened up. "If I could see my poor girl," he continued, "more comfortable, it would be like throwing guns overboard in a storm; and I pray to God, as well as I can, that he would bless us."

"There you are right," replied the Curate. "I remember to have seen you at Church, and at the sacrament, and I hope to see you there again."

"That you will, your Honour," said the woman; for he often talks about it; and I am sure the Church will be the first place he will go to, when he gets to walk out again."

"Why, your Honour, I told you I was a thorough-bred Sailor; and I hope I am a thorough-bred Churchman too; for I like none of your new sorts of folks, that prate so much about religion. It's all like the cracking of French guns at a distance—all noise, but little execution."

During this last observation, Mr. Deacon had slipped half-a-crown into the hands of the woman, to buy them some food for their present necessities; then having promised to speak to their landlord about returning their furniture, he said that he would call again to see them.

" Alas! thought he, as he turned his steps to his lodgings, how little do they, who roll in affluence, and riot in plenty, know of the misery which every where surrounds them! What a wretch must he be, who can rob the flower of innocence of all its beauty, and strip the lovely rose of peace of all its charms! Man, man, thou art a strange compound! Some imitate the actions of angels, others the enormity of demons. Well, therefore, may the denizens of heaven rejoice over the repentant sinner, when they look down and view such inconsistency on earth.

At six o'clock Mr. Deacon repaired to the Rectory, and found Dr. Freeman quite ready to accompany him. To him he related the interesting scene he had witnessed, which failed not to excite the sympathy of that excellent man; who, in turn, gave him a short sketch of the discussion between himself and Mrs. Dray-

more. " You may perhaps wonder," he continued, " at our familiarity; but you will cease to do so, when I inform you that at twelve years of age she was left to my guardianship. Possessed of a large fortune and many attractions, she was the idol of the gallants, and the object of general admiration. At the age of one-and-twenty she gave herself and her fortune to her late husband, at that time the star of fashion, but his brilliancy soon set in the night of death. She has now been three years a widow; and lately, won over by the love of popular admiration, she has lent her name and personal services to all sectaries who asked for them."

They had now reached Mr. Armstrong's: and having taken their tea, and discussed the leading topics of the day, the Doctor gradually adverted to their morning's conversation; and after some few preliminary remarks, the subject engrossed the attention of all.

" Before we advance any further on this subject," said Mr. Armstrong, " you would perhaps favour us with the meaning of the word Sacrament?"

" Wisely suggested," replied the Doctor. " The word Sacrament, though used to desig-

nate a most solemn Christian rite, is of heathen origin, and anciently signified the oath taken by Roman soldiers, when they were enrolled. Hence it came to be used for that oath or solemn service of the church, by which all the followers of Christ pledge themselves to be faithful to the Captain of their salvation. This is first done in Baptism, and afterwards in the Lord's Supper. The first is the initiation, or beginning; the other is the full execution of that pledge."

"And its institution," observed Mr. Deacon, "was at once the most solemn and impressive that can be imagined. Can you figure to yourselves any thing more interesting than the view of the Saviour and his disciples, when he was eating with them his last supper? Imagine, if you can, the Lamb of God in the act of raising his eyes to heaven, and blessing and breaking bread, whilst his followers are fixing on him their anxious eyes, and wondering in holy amazement what this meant. Can you hear his solemn words, 'This do in remembrance of me,' without feeling your hearts dilate with holy gratitude, and anxiety to fulfil his last request?"

"You mean to say, then," interrupted Mrs. Armstrong, "that the Communion was requested by the Saviour to be observed in remembrance of him."

"Not merely requested," said the Doctor, "but commanded, that all who wished to share the benefits of his death and mediation should observe this his Supper. And this adds great force and responsibility to it."

"But," observed Mrs. Armstrong, "how can we 'eat his body and drink his blood?' This is an inconsistency which I can by no means reconcile."

"You err in not knowing the Scriptures," replied Dr. Freeman. "This Sacrament was designed to supersede the use of the Jewish pascha, or passover, which was observed by them in commemoration of their deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. As a lamb was the subject in the Jewish feast, the flesh of which was eaten, and the blood sprinkled on the door-posts, that the destroying angel might pass over the house in which this was observed; so is Christ the lamb slain for us, whose body broken on the tree, and whose blood shed for our redémption, are to be eaten and drank by

faithful Christians, who have a 'lively remembrance of his death,' and are desirous of salvation."

"You have not yet satisfactorily answered Mrs. Armstrong's query," said her husband; "that we cannot eat his body and drink his blood."

"Though you cannot in reality do this," replied Mr. Deacon, "yet what difficulty can there be in it? It is only a symbolical expression; and bread and wine are the elements used to represent to us his body and blood. They were chosen by the Saviour himself; and for this reason, that being thus prefigured before our eyes, they might convey to us a more lively and efficient idea of the exceedingly great benefits to be derived from the sufferings of the Redeemer. It is only in a spiritual sense that we do this; for when our Lord says, 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed,' he means not in a carnal or corporeal way, but spiritually. How else could he at one and the same time sanctify, and be found efficacious in the celebration of his Supper, in places far remote from each other? Or how could his body have been continued to form the subject of a feast, from

the institution of the Sacrament to this day? You strip it of all its beauty, sanctity, and virtue, when you attribute to it this grossness and sensuality; but conceive of it as it really is, a spiritual and divine feast, a medium through which the Holy Spirit is conveyed to man, and your ideas become more lofty and sublime; and your views will be followed by the same heavenly advantages. I contend, it is derògatory to the majesty and influence of God, to suppose that he has a body, and that that body can be eaten by man. No; the Lord's Supper is something more than a common feast; it is a banquet of love, of peace, of charity."

"And," said the Doctor, "as blood and water came from the side of the Saviour when pierced by a spear, the two symbols of the Sacraments of our Church correspond with that event. For, as water sprinkles or washes away our natural corruptions, and as wine strengthens and invigorates the body, so the water which came from the Saviour's side washes away the imputation of our original sin in Baptism, and his blood in his Holy Supper, insures to us this ablution, and imparts strength and refreshment to our souls, when weary with the burden of ini-

quity. This will, I hope, satisfy you as to the correctness of using those elements in the Sacrament."

"It does," replied Mr. Armstrong, "and the more so, because I never scrupled so much at the elements in themselves, as at the danger which they incur who partake of them unworthily."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Armstrong, "I always shudder when I hear the words, 'they eat and drink their own damnation.' Because I am sure, that there is no one so good who does not commit sin. And how dreadful must it be for them that they have eaten and drank their own damnation. This is so serious a consideration, that I wonder how people have the presumption to communicate at all."

"Allow me to observe," said Mr. Deacon, "that on this principle no one ought to receive, much less to administer the Sacrament; which amounts to saying, that the Almighty has instituted an ordinance which has for its object the welfare of man; and yet that it is impossible for man to observe it, without incurring eternal punishment. Now this converts the all-wise and all-good God into a Being capable of

deceit and injustice. An idea how ungrateful in us, and how detractive from its perfection!"

"The foundation of this principle," said the Doctor, "is probably in part right; but the extent to which it is carried is so totally wide of every thing we know and experience from the goodness of God, that I must set you right on this subject. First, then, let me suppose that you, Mr. Armstrong, as the head of a family, just before your death, leave it as the sole condition of inheritance of your property, gained by your own endeavours, that your heirs shall observe, with great strictness, any thing that you propose; surely you would not desire any thing to be done by them, which it would be impossible for them to perform?"

"I hope, Doctor, I should not be so absurd."

"And if your proposal be just and reasonable," he continued, "your children would be deemed ungrateful and blind to their own interest, if they neglected to observe it. Now, to use the language of the Gospel: 'If you, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more has your Father which is in Heaven given good things to you?' God is our Father and we his children: his

Son died for us, and gave us an holy rite to observe, as our acknowledgement or title-deed to what he gained for us. And every time we repeat this Communion, we renew the Covenant of Grace, and show ourselves desirous of the benefits of his mediation, and the assistance of his Holy Spirit. How blind, how ungrateful then, must they be, who neglect to ratify on their parts what is required of them! But in order that you may be the more satisfied on this point, I would further observe, in reference to the words which are so great a stumbling-block to you, what has been before explained by almost every writer upon the subject, that this denunciation is addressed by the Apostle to the Christians at Corinth, who disgraced the decorum and spirituality of the Communion, by celebrating it as the most depraved among them would have partaken of a common feast, out of entire regard to their bodies and not their souls; with a desire to pamper the depraved appetite of the outer, rather than support the spiritual wants of the inner, man. Such communicants as these were threatened with the greatest temporal punishment; with sickness, with affliction,

or with other human casualties; for the word 'damnation' does not here signify eternal torment, or indeed any punishment beyond the grave, as may be easily learnt from the original word, and from the context of St. Paul's account of the Sacrament. Now into this error we are never likely to fall, because whenever the Eucharist is celebrated in our churches, it is of all ordinances performed with the greatest sacredness and devotion; and from the very mode of its administration, it can never run into any such extravagance as to bear the most distant resemblance to a common feast. I assert, therefore," continued the Doctor, "that we have nothing to fear from an unworthy participation, so long as we do it with reverence; for it must be evident to those, who consider the subject attentively, that the unworthiness to which the Apostle alludes does not refer to the disposition of mind of the Communicant, but to the outward manner in which he partakes of it. 'He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself;' that is, he who partakes of this divinely appointed feast in an unworthy *manner*, incurs the visitation of

worldly sorrow: for if only they were to celebrate this communion, who from righteousness and true holiness were alone worthy in themselves to partake of it, this would preclude all persons from resorting to the table of the Lord, because the most perfect among men are at best but unprofitable and unworthy servants. This would, also, preclude the Ministers, the Priests of the Lord, from the administration of it, because they, too, are unworthy to perform so sacred an office. It is on this point that so many are mistaken from a want of a due consideration of the terms in which the injunction is couched, and the manner in which the ordinance is prescribed."

"I confess," said Mr. Armstrong, "I never before considered it in this point of view; but surely if this unworthiness applies not to the person communicating, but to the manner of celebration, and the denunciation of punishment refers only to worldly sufferings, all apprehensions on the subject are at once removed, and none need entertain even a scruple about it. And yet we find, that they who are constant partakers of it, entertain the most

serious notions of a due preparation for it, which, in my opinion, implies the apprehension of danger."

"These," replied the Doctor, "show more anxiety to obtain the benefit which it confers, than solicitude to escape from any impending danger; because they are convinced, that if with a true heart and lively faith they receive the Sacrament, the Spirit of God at that time visits them in an especial manner; for as their 'bodies then become temples of the living God,' they naturally infer, that, from a sincere and devout observance of this sacred rite, they derive a greater and a more liberal supply of heavenly grace and favour than at any other time; and so indeed it is; and on this ground alone, setting aside the observance of it as obligatory upon all, it ranks first and foremost of all religious duties; one which cannot be neglected without a manifest contempt of the authority which instituted it; nor properly observed without deriving that consolation of mind, that renovation of virtuous feeling, and that accession of spiritual edification which it is the direct object of the ordinance to insure to such as devoutly observe it."

"But," replied Mr. Armstrong, "since you admit that some preparation is necessary, in what does that preparation consist?"

"Refer," said Mr. Deacon, "to the service itself, and you will find it distinctly stated, that the partakers are to 'repent truly of their past sins; to have a lively and a steadfast faith in Christ, the Saviour—to amend their lives—and to be in perfect charity with all men;'—and in this manner they become 'meet partakers of those holy mysteries.' And since the benefits of this communion are so exceedingly great and important, the means of preparation so easy, and the act in itself, literally, so heavenly, I am at a loss to conceive what thinking, what virtuous and godly mind, can withstand the direct entreaties of the Son of God thus to communicate, or can hear unheeded the solicitation to a participation of it which the Ministers of the Gospel of the same Jesus conceive it to be their especial duty so frequently and so earnestly to inculcate."

"But here," said Mr. Armstrong, "I feel inclined to complain; the Clergy are for ever preaching upon this subject, and ringing it into our ears, and in my opinion, do so without any

benefit. For they who have no scruples will attend the Sacrament, whether so continually invited to it or not; and they that entertain, what I consider to be humble and devout apprehensions of it, are annoyed at having their scrupulous feelings questioned and upbraided: they feel that the attack so often made upon them is a violation of the exercise of the liberty of conscience, and they are, by these means, in most instances, deterred from the duty, rather than persuaded to a compliance with it; this is the reason why we have so frequently abstained from going to the Church at all upon these occasions."

"Then permit me to say, Mr. Armstrong," added the Doctor, "that such conduct is perfectly unjustifiable, and that it is cowardly and weak in the extreme. You that are a zealous adherent to the doctrines of the Church, and, upon all other occasions, are found a constant attendant upon its services, ought to know that the Sacrament is the first and principal of all its rites and duties; and that the more unconvinced you are of its necessity, and the more you abstain from its observance, so much the more it becomes our imperious duty, by every mode of

argument and entreaty, to call you to an acknowledgment of its efficacy and decided sanctity. That we should inculcate no other duties to which you object but this, ought to have raised in your own mind a scruple at least, whether you were not mistaken in your apprehensions of it; instead, therefore, of keeping at a distance, and beyond the reach of our entreaties, it would have been bolder, more candid, and open, to have listened with attention to all we adduced, to have weighed well our reasoning, and then to have made up your mind upon the subject of it. Your systematic endeavour to escape our exhortations carries with it a tacit acknowledgment that you were obstinately bent upon resisting our solicitations, to enlist you in this especial service of your Redeemer: not that you could oppose a stronger reasoning to bear down upon what we advanced. As, therefore, you have adopted a mode of action in this respect, which, I am persuaded, your calm and unprejudiced reflection ought long since to have condemned, I have only to add, that, as the Ministers of God, we have, in this instance, done our duty. We have repeatedly shown you the way in which you are to walk, and have as

constantly exerted our reasoning faculties to convince you of the truth of what, in the name of God, we have required of you. It appears either from some inefficient reasons, or from a determined and settled opposition, you have withstood all our attempts to bring conviction home to your minds; nothing further, therefore, is left us to say, than that when the great day of the Lord shall arrive, and we shall stand before the awful tribunal of the Judge of the whole Earth, when all our deeds shall be brought to light, and the principles of action, and the inward thoughts of the heart, shall be openly manifested, it will then appear that we, the pastors of this flock, have made every exertion in our power to bring you to a sense of the importance of that Holy Communion which our Saviour, our God, and, in that great day, our Judge, instituted as a means of spiritual purification, and of pious gratitude for the blessings 'which, by his precious blood-shedding, he hath obtained for us.' It will then be asked of you, whether, in humility and simpleness of heart, you received these instructions on the nature of this reasonable service — whether you were not exhorted in the name of Heaven to

partake of the Feast of the Lamb, and to comply with the dying injunction of the Redeemer?—and whether your abstaining from the duty was the result of absolute tenderness of conscience, or the mere determination of an unwilling and negligent mind? I leave it with you to consider what reply it will best become you to make upon that fearful occasion, and shall only recall to your memory the treatment of that servant who knew his Lord's will, and would not obey it, that 'he was beaten with many stripes.'"

The Doctor now rose to depart, when Mr. Armstrong, impressed with the earnestness of manner in which he had been addressed, said, "Doctor, I fear that I may have given offence; but, believe me, my error proceeds from ignorance, and not intention. I must confess I can make no reply to what you have advanced, and I assure you that I will devote my mind thoroughly to investigate this matter, and will seriously reflect upon all that you have now so powerfully adduced; and if I do not immediately promise to present myself at the communion table, upon the next occasion of a Sacrament, I at least pledge myself never again wilfully

to abstain from attending the services of that day: indeed, I am not only open to conviction, but it is my anxious desire to arrive at truth, and to practise zealously, and with earnestness, the duties of a Christian."

The Doctor and his Curate now took their leave and departed.

THE ASSIZES.

Soon after the Assizes had commenced, Dr. Freeman received an invitation from his neighbour, Mr. Hawke, to dine with him on the following day, to meet some of the barristers on the circuit, who had just promised him the pleasure of their company. This invitation the Doctor felt in no way disposed to refuse, as it promised to throw him into the society of well-educated men; men, generally, of enlarged minds, who, from their talents and reading, were esteemed acquisitions to every circle, and from whom, upon subjects of literature and current intelligence, much information was at all times to be derived. The same invitation had also been given to Mr. Deacon, who, together with the Rector, was received by their host with all that good breeding for which he was justly distinguished. Serjeant Standforth, one of the leading counsel at the bar, who was there also,

had been contemporary with the Doctor at college; and of Mr. Lyttleton and Mr. Shereblock, two junior counsel, the latter had been a school-fellow with Mr. Deacon; so that the party in every way promised an agreeable meeting. After partaking of an elegant repast, to which one and all paid no very limited devotion; for exercise of mind awakens the functions of appetite perhaps more powerfully than that of the body, the cloth was removed, and discussion became free and animated. After the conversation had been brought from the common politics, and thence to the common pursuits of the day, the current of it was turned to the general business of the Assizes. It is upon such occasions that a stranger picks up the opinions entertained of the peculiar talents of the Judges, as well as of the characters of the leading men at the bar, "the Bother'ems and the Bore'ems" of the day, from their own brethren; painted, to be sure, after the taste of the biologist, whose sentiments, therefore, are to be received not on the strength of what he advances, but in respect to the station and rank which he himself fills in the estimation of the profession. In the present instance, it was not

unamusing to observe how the younger counsel approved or censured the discernment, or the want of it, in their presiding superiors, though it required no great depth of penetration to see that they commonly spoke from the impressions made upon them by the failure or success of the suits which they had conducted.

"Did you not observe," said Lyttleton, "the pains and trouble it cost me to make old Nestor perceive the point on which my case hung to-day? how, when he got impatient at my perseverance in maintaining, that both Coke and Hale had, in similar circumstances, confirmed the decision at which I was aiming, (which, by the bye, I rather suspect he had either never seen or could not understand,) I was compelled to tickle him like a trout into good humour again; and though at last I got him upon the very scent I wished him to follow, we came suddenly to a check, and he gave his opinion point blank against the authorities I had produced? No: I admit that he is perfectly the Gentleman, but certainly not a great Lawyer!"

"And yet," rejoined the Serjeant, "I think he showed some little acumen, when he suggested a case to you which bore directly upon

your side of the question, and carried you off in triumph, yesterday, although I am convinced when you entered the Court you had no hope whatever of gaining a verdict."

"Oh! as to quickness," said Shereblock, taking up the discourse, "what I have to complain of is, that unfortunately he possesses too much, and seems not very unwilling to display it. He ruined a case at the last place we came from (the only one for which I was retained) by putting the point at issue in so strong a light, that just as I had got upon my legs to address the jury, in a speech which cost me a world of consideration, the foreman (be hanged to him!) rose at the very same moment, and told my Lord that he and his companions in the box required no further illustration, for that they had all come to the same opinion with that delivered by the Court: so in the height of my expectations an extinguisher was put over me."

"Pray, Serjeant Standforth," enquired the Doctor, "are these the received opinions of the professional character of Judge Nestor? For, from the impression made upon me by one of the finest addresses I ever heard delivered from the bench to the jury of the county, on

the day he opened the commission here, I was prepared to hear a very different account."

"Indeed, Doctor," said he, "I am happy to say these are not the real opinions of the bar, notwithstanding what my young brethren may advance to the contrary. I have seen him exhibit brilliancy of talent, quickness of mind, and a profundity of knowledge, that have astonished the oldest and the best practitioners. There are, certainly, as in all cases, some few points upon which a man may not show the same promptitude of decision which he may exhibit upon others, where his understanding is clearer, or where there is a feeling to call forth his intellectual powers. But he is not only a very good, but a very learned man; and, as a lawyer, I would rely with as much confidence on his judgment, as upon any of those who may be reckoned superior to him. But, Doctor, what did you think of him yourself to-day; for in such a case as that we have this morning witnessed, no one is better qualified to give an opinion of his merit than yourself?"

"To what case do you allude?" asked the Doctor; "for I have myself been so unavoidably detained by business at home, that I have had

no time either for attending the court, or for enquiring after its proceedings."

"Why," continued the Serjeant, "it was one of great interest to your profession. It was the trial of a man of the name of Trap, for the publication of a blasphemous book; and certainly one more vile and flagitious never was disseminated, even in these days of monstrous innovation. The fellow, undoubtedly, has very considerable talent; he has rummaged up, and disguised in modern attire, all the old exploded arguments of the most notorious infidels that have set themselves in array against the Christian religion: but, like the rest of them, he has injured, by his conduct, the very cause which it was his hopeful endeavour to promote; for his positions are so extravagant, so contrary to any thing that is sanctioned by the good and virtuous, that the mask held up to screen his designs is of too thin a texture not to be seen through by those of any penetration."

"But it unfortunately happens," interrupted the Doctor, "that the mischief befals those who have not this penetration; those whose minds are not enlightened by even common understanding. It is here where the evil lurks; for

nothing can be more easy than to start objections, and raise discontentment and disbelief: but the difficulty lies in healing the wound thus inflicted: the poison infuses itself with so silent and unobserved rapidity, that the antidote, even if it be applied, can only follow by imperceptible degrees."

"That is true," rejoined the Serjeant; "but yet I think in these times there is a disposition pervading almost all classes of the people to imbibe religious principles and feelings; such, I am inclined to believe, as cannot easily be shaken."

"I, also, am disposed to favour the same opinion," said Mr. Deacon; "but still I cannot avoid observing the mischievous effects of that industrious circulation of infidel notions which are intended to operate, not so much perhaps upon those who are religious, as upon those who might otherwise become so; thus acting as a barrier opposing further entrance into the pale of Christianity."

"Talking of those who are admitted into the pale of Christianity," resumed the Serjeant, "I am afraid the religious world is so scandalized at our profession, that it has half excluded us from it already; indeed, I fear there are

grounds for not looking upon us to be such practical Christians as we ought, or, as I think, we might be."

"To speak openly," said the Doctor, "I will not conceal the truth that such a notion is very prevalent: but upon what foundation it rests, I am not qualified to answer; because I have not the means of ascertaining the fact, if I were so disposed; and my inclination, if it were exercised, prompts me to hope the contrary. I can conceive, that occupied as your minds incessantly are, by the duties and severe studies of your profession, you must naturally desire to dedicate your leisure to any thing that can return a rational relaxation. The nature of the profession obliges you to unwearied application of mind, and to an energy beyond what is required in other occupations of life. In my judgment, the particular in which you seem mostly to fail, is the want of paying greater reverence to the important duties of the Sabbath, which those who take offence against you conceive to result from the absence of a proper sense and feeling of religion."

"Doctor," said the Serjeant, "what all the world says, must be true. Indeed, I must

acknowledge, that though not more deficient perhaps than some other professional bodies, yet, upon the whole, we are more so than our situations in the world and our educations should suffer us to be. If, however, we were inclined to make invidious comparisons, and to consider ourselves better from finding others worse, however little religious we may generally be thought, I conceive we stand by many degrees higher than the medical profession, as a body, does; which ought, if possible, to have still stronger motives for being superior to us in this respect. We are led to depend so much upon our own wit and contrivance, and upon laws of human establishment, that we afford no time for considering those of a divine origin; upon which, if good, they should be founded. But the Faculty experience, by all their senses and all their practice, the unceasing actions of the worder-working God: they are made to see, in every branch of their labours, the astonishing contrivance of the Creator, in the harmony and construction of the human frame; and yet, what is truly surprising, with all this before their eyes, resisting the very evidence of their senses, they have the disposition, and it has lately been

on the increase, of becoming materialists and sceptics."

"It so happens," said Mr. Deacon, "that both professions have such unceasing demands upon their time and talents, that they are literally 'choked with the cares and business of life;' so that they devote little to a higher calling; but this is no justification of either. With respect, however, to medical men, it must be considered that they have no relaxation from business, and that they are called upon every day of the seven indiscriminately; now you have not this excuse to urge for not making a proper distinction between the Sabbath and other days."

"My good fellow," replied Shereblock, "you do not suppose that, after the most laborious researches into the dry and unedifying study of the law for six days in the week, and not unfrequently for the seventh also, that we can find time for pursuits unconnected with the profession. You seem to forget that we are not Divines, but Lawyers, and that there is no chance of rising at the bar without incessant labour, and the acquisition of such auxiliary studies as can actually benefit us; but pray,

let me ask, what time do you devote from your present theological pursuits to the understanding of the laws of your country? None, or very little, I will undertake to say! Why, then, should you be surprised at our neglect, when you may be charged with a breach of a similar nature?"

"But, permit me to observe," said Mr. Deacon, "that you take for granted more than I am disposed to allow: the supposition, that I do not turn the current of my studies out of the channel of my professional pursuits, is not a true one; for I no more think of confining myself solely to the same occupation or exercise of the mind, than of tying myself down to one unvarying solemnity of deportment and manner. Change is as essential to the mind as to the body. After classical, historical, or other instructive and agreeable reading, I can return to divinity with a double relish; in the same manner that I can apply with more energy to my practical duties after a seasonable relaxation and amusement. But what I would observe, as it regards your profession, is, that it is too general a habit with your brethren to give the preference to a Sunday rather than to any other day,

for travelling and making excursions into the country."

"Well," continued Shereblock, "and we make this preference for the best of reasons. Are we not naturally glad to breathe a little pure air after six days' suffocation in our chambers, or in the more noxious atmosphere of our confined courts?"

"But, independent of this," added Lyttleton, "there is so much greater pleasure in rolling along the road when you meet with no moving impediments on your way; nor is it a small advantage to be sure of meeting with no delay for want of horses to prosecute your journey."

"This may be all very well, Gentlemen," said Mr. Deacon, "as far as relates to bodily ease and convenience; but you cannot be ignorant that something more is requisite to ensure comfort to us beyond the time we flit away in this earthly state: besides, there are occurrences, even in the transactions of your courts at law, which make it necessary to have some understanding of religious principles and faith."

"Here, then, Deacon," said Mr. Lyttleton, "here we are at direct issue. I am prepared

to contend, that if the Deity has designed us to fill any particular station here, it is our duty,— yes, our religious duty, — to support it by all the means and power which he has given; and in doing this, we do all that we can be reasonably called upon to perform. In the next place, as to the help that the study of divinity can afford us upon occasions where matters relating to it are brought before the bench, if you were better acquainted with the routine of our business, you would find that such religious cases, — such, for instance, as that of Mr. Trap's today, — rarely occur. Besides," continued he, smiling, "you cannot be ignorant that it is somewhat of a forensic maxim to stir up strife, rather than 'seek peace and ensue it.' To be sure, in the instances of libel upon Holy Writ, like Trap's case, something is certainly required; but then, as we are retained some days before the case comes on for trial, we have abundance of time to read enough for the purpose: when it is our custom to deal as much as possible in general, rather than in any particular points. I confess, indeed, that Brother Shereblock was a little hampered in bringing home the charge of blasphemy to the defendant to-day;

but it is not every body that would have known how to proceed in such a case. I fear it would have required more wit than I am possessed of to have made it out a libel, with such a stiff fellow opposed to me as that Mr. Trap."

"Lyttleton," said the Serjeant, "let me beg that you will persist no further in such perverse conversation as this." — Then turning towards the Doctor, he continued: — "These young men are so fond of exercising themselves in disputation, that whichever side of an argument you take, they are ever ready to become your opponents; so that strangers run away continually with the impression that they maintain noxious principles and opinions, because they have been defending them, not upon grounds of their own conviction of their truth, but for the sake of conversation, and to exhibit their readiness to stand forth in whatever way they may be required. — But to return to what we were talking about: — Let me ask, do you not consider that there is a great advantage which large provincial towns possess over the metropolis, with regard to the observation of the Sabbath, where no gross violations of it are known or witnessed? Now, though no man can

more highly appreciate the benefits of the public and private observance of religious duties upon this day than myself, nor can any one have been a more constant and unwilling witness to the sad, deplorable results occasioned by the neglect of it than I have; yet I should wish to know, from such authority as you can give, whether the observation of it be any thing more than a custom, sanctioned merely by common consent and antiquity. Do you consider it enjoined by any thing that can amount to a positive law?"

"What you allude to," replied the Doctor, "is a prevalent, but at the same time an erroneous opinion, that the institution of the Sabbath rests, only, upon the Levitical law; which law, being abrogated, or rather superseded by the Christian, many conceive may, or may not be observed. But, Sir, the Sabbath was clearly instituted at the time of the Creation, when it was blessed, hallowed, and set apart; an event in which we are now as much interested as any of the generations that have gone before us. That it existed long before the establishment of the Jewish polity, is evident from the allusions made to it while the Israelites were in the wilderness, and because on the day preced-

ing their Sabbaths, they were commanded to collect a double quantity of food, that they might have no occasion and no pretence for infringing upon that day of rest, — a day which they had ever dedicated to the service of their God. But, Sir, we Christians have reasons, still stronger than the Jews had, for the faithful dedication of this day to the purposes for which it was designed; because we thus perpetually commemorate the greatest blessing under the Gospel—the resurrection from death to life eternal. This was the era of a new Creation, well deserving continual remembrance. And, let me ask, was not the institution of it revived by the Apostles themselves, who, immediately after the ascension of their Lord, congregated for sacred worship the first Christian assemblies, and at more than one of which he, the Saviour himself, was present? On this day, too, the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles, and filled them with sacred inspiration. It is, therefore, sanctioned by God the Father at the Creation, by God the Son at the Resurrection, and by God the Holy Ghost at the day of Pentecost. Besides all this, have we not authority, which amounts to a positive law, for knowing that 'the Sabbath was

made for man?' and, if so, how was it meant to apply to him? Not made for him to follow his mere vain and idle pursuits; but meant to influence him in bringing him to the acknowledgment of his dependence on Almighty power, and thereby to secure that state of future blessedness which is held out to him; and do we not uniformly find degeneracy of manners, and a contempt of all that is good and sacred, to be the natural and inevitable consequences of neglecting it? But, Sir, as you justly observe, in our provincial towns we have not to contend with all that bad example which is set by those of the most exalted rank in the metropolis. I believe, were my situation removed thither, that nothing would excite my detestation so much as this; for to what purpose is it that we inveigh against the breach of this day, and against the infringements upon its sanctity, when we see nobles, and others of the principal people of the land, themselves the infractors of it; — when we see them exhibiting to their inferiors the cold indifference and unconcern with which they make their innovations upon it? One would think they were lost to the finer feelings of their nature, when the records of our courts bear

testimony that the majority of crimes which are punished, not unfrequently by death, have sprung from this one cause. Were they endued with the feelings of true Christian charity, would they not forego the most powerful allurements which pleasure could offer, when they know that their baneful and pernicious example of neglecting the duties and observance of this day leads on so many of their fellow-creatures to their ruin? But, awful as the consideration is, they do not reflect upon the consequences of their conduct; by which they practically manifest a determination neither to quench the splendour of the lamp, the joy of the harp, nor the conviviality of the feast, although there result from all this such crimes as hurry on their fellow-men to an untimely and ignominious death."

"Still, Doctor," interrupted the Serjeant, "you are to bear in mind that it is a day of rest, both to man and beast."

"I grant," he continued, "it is a day of repose and calm relaxation, at the same time that it is meant as peculiarly devoted to the Creator; or, at all events, that it should be distinguished from all other days. Can we go on in the laborious pursuits of business, or in

the less satisfactory, but more laborious pleasures of life, day after day successively, without breaking upon its concerns and revelry, to dedicate the seventh to the God who made us, — to the God who still upholds us in our mortal career, — the God who calls upon us 'to work out our own salvation,' — to the God before whom we must soon appear at the last great Assize, to give an account on which our eternal destiny depends? Do the vain, the frivolous, the unsubstantial amusements, as they are generally followed by many of the higher classes of society in town, — do they at all answer the description of even moderate relaxation and rest? Do they not bring toil, trouble, and vexation upon all who are concerned in them? Surely what are termed 'quiet assemblies, conversaziones, small dinner and music parties,' can never, by the distortions of any sophistry, be construed into any other than such flagrant breaches of what, if not actually sacred, is regarded by the wise and prudent as such, as would in any case deserve the severest reprehension. But the terms *amusement* and *pleasure* are here altogether misapplied; these things have nothing whatever to

do with the consideration of rational enjoyment; they are devised not so much from the desire of recreation, as the wish to gratify depraved inclinations; from pride and ambition to appear great, and to be removed from the vulgar; from a spirit of rivalry, to vie with those above them; from a spirit of licentiousness, inducing them to fly to such expedients to relieve the tedium which oppresses the idle and unreflecting mind. In short, the manner in which this holy day is passed by the votaries of fashion and dissipation, by those whose great duty it is to exhibit in themselves patterns of virtue, is in receiving and returning visits, and in ostentatious displays of themselves, their equipages, and attendants; all which amounts to nothing less than one entire, systematic, and wilful infraction of one of the most express and explicit commandments which the finger of God has engraven upon stones, or which his Spirit has written upon the heart of man."

"Dr. Freeman," said the Serjeant, "you have spoken the very sentiments of my own breast, and I go along with you to the full extent of all you have uttered, and to much more, to all that you would express."

"Mr. Serjeant," said Mr. Shereblock, "the warmth which the Doctor has manifested may probably proceed from those overstrained notions of piety which are now so prevalent, and which even some of the best of our divines neither feel inclined to adopt nor sanction. I would not insinuate any thing offensive, Dr. Freeman, but may I be permitted to ask whether you are not almost as decidedly adverse to the amusements and recreations of life upon any other day as upon the Sunday? Are you not what is now termed Evangelical?"

"Sir," said the Doctor, smiling, "I do indeed profess myself to be so, in the true and primary signification of the term, but not in the sense which you seem to understand it; for Evangelism, in modern acceptation, is only another name for Calvinism. No, Sir; I am no enemy to any seasonable pleasures, that are in themselves rational or innocent. I am one who must contend that the service of religion is twofold, consisting of devotional duties to God, and of social duties to man, and that they are to be carried on together. I think we are enjoined by the positive directions of Holy Writ, and by the no less positive commands of

reason and conscience, to separate the Sabbath from all other days, by every possible mark of a sacred distinction; by a cessation from the common and ordinary employments of body and mind; and by a dedication of ourselves by thought and action to the God who made us: but, I conceive, if we conscientiously discharge our common duties with fidelity at other times, we may lawfully, nay, what is more, we may, consistently with the design of true religion, mix with them all such pleasures of public and private society as have no tendency to corrupt the mind, or vitiate the heart."

"Doctor," said the Serjeant, "I am so accustomed to hear men talk, and sometimes to so little purpose, on the abstruse perplexities of human laws, that I listen with uncommon interest to the free and rational discussion of matters which have reference to laws divine. We are so glad to divert the current of our common thoughts and common occupations, that we travel out of our profession into others, with as much hope and delight as he who changes from one climate to another for the benefit of his health, or the recreation and instruction of his mind. Let me, therefore,

trouble you with another enquiry. — Is it true that some of the National Clergy have enjoined a sort of non-conformity to the world?"

"I regret to say," replied the Doctor, "that this is actually done by too many of the Establishment, both directly and indirectly. Directly, in their exhortations and writings, calling upon their congregations to renounce the things of the world, not merely things evil, but those innocuous, alleging this to be the direct command of the Saviour, which they endeavour to substantiate by passages from Scripture, which, I hesitate not to say, are wretchedly perverted. The fact is, they insist that the injunctions laid upon the Disciples by our Saviour, and upon his disciples only, as the promulgers of a new form of religion, to be still binding, not only upon the Ministry, but upon all the professors of the Christian name. They denominate, or rather they anathematize, all who differ from them by the offensive title of 'worldly.' Their brethren of the Church, not Calvinistic, are termed 'worldly ministers,' and their adherents, 'children fashioned like the world;' although they must or ought to know, that, in apostolic language, the epithet is exclusively

applied to those infidels and profane and wicked persons who constitute the bulk of mankind; hence, also, Satan is called 'the Prince of this World.' They preach up, therefore, 'non-conformity to the world;' that is, an aversion from rational amusements or recreative pursuits of life, as opposed to the injunctions of the Apostles; and they call upon their followers to 'have no fellowship with the unrighteous'—to have 'no communion with darkness' (they themselves being the light): for, say they, 'ye are the temple of God; wherefore come out from among them, — be separate, and touch not the unclean thing.' Now, if this be not a palpable and gross perversion of Scripture, I am no judge what can be. I further affirm, that they inculcate this doctrine of non-conformity upon such principles, and upon that vicious mode of interpretation, which indirectly leads them to put asunder what God had joined together; for their self-abstraction from the innocent amusements of life, and their endeavours to hang up in domestic circles the sword instead of the olive-branch, are, to me, even something more than indirect infringements upon all the social duties of life which

are enjoined to us by the Decalogue, tolerated by the Gospel itself, and in some measure sanctioned by the first miracle which the Saviour manifested to the world."

"Do you not think, Doctor," said the Serjeant, "that these non-conformists usurp the province of judges of the conscience, giving out that amusements cannot be innocent and rationally enjoyed, and that such and such pleasures must necessarily be attended with such and such bad consequences?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied the Doctor: "they indirectly arrogate to themselves this power; and by it they insinuate that we, who differ from them, are sanctioning, by our example and sentiments, practices alike prejudicial to ourselves, and to those committed to our care. There appears to me only one rule of judgment. If the moderate participation of rational recreation be not prohibited by the precepts of the Gospel, and do not lead to consequences to endanger the spiritual welfare of the individual, they may be lawfully indulged; and whether any such bad consequences actually do result, must alone be determined by every one's conscience. If the mind acquits itself of such

an imputation, who are they that shall venture to accuse it? It does not follow, because one man cannot enter a theatre without receiving bad impressions, that others should be equally weak or susceptible of vice. It does not follow because your daughter occasionally goes to a ball, or attends a dance, that I am to pronounce it sinful, though her habits of virtue continue the same, and her mind remains uncontaminated. It does not follow because with the use of cards some gamble and commit consequent enormities, that I, with different inclinations, may not touch them. Or, is it reasonable, is it religion, to abstain from all these things, knowing the nature of them, lest our virtue and prudence should fail? Might we not as well become cloistered monks and hermits? Rather are we not to 'use this world as not abusing it?' It is true, we are generally to avoid temptations: but there are some which it is better to vanquish than not to be tempted by them at all. But, supposing amusements to be fraught with baneful and seductive evil — which is only true of them in the extreme, or where those partaking of them are viciously inclined — does it follow that we must necessarily refuse the good and choose the evil?

Assuredly not! They who cannot partake of them without finding the strong holds of their virtue assailed beyond their means of keeping them, do well in withdrawing from them, and leaving them to those who have no such misgivings."

"Precisely so," said the Serjeant, taking up the argument. "What I affirm, Doctor, is that amusement, so long as it continues to be amusement and not business, may be moderately indulged, without any moral detriment. Theatres, balls, and card parties, and all the varieties of public pleasures, may be applied to the worst purposes; but they may also be applied to profit and instruction. There is no blessing which Heaven has given us that may not be converted into a curse:—of this our daily experience affords abundant proof. The food by which we are supported, and without which we could not exist, by an intemperate use of it, may lay the foundation, not only of disease, but death. Whatever appetite, whether mental or bodily, is indulged beyond the bounds of discretion or prudence, it counteracts the design for which it was given. If people attend the theatre for the sake of catching at the folly and

licentiousness which may undoubtedly be found there, they certainly may meet with it, — yes, and they may meet with it any where else, if they are disposed to seek for it; but if I go, it is with the same intentions that actuate all others whom I know: I go to witness the close approximation to exalted nature in the masterly scenes of Shakespeare. In the intellectual garden of that great author, there are flowers of the most beautiful form and the most exquisite perfume, and there are weeds, also, of the most noxious growth; and while I gaze and please my senses with the one, I pass by the other as unworthy of my notice; indeed they do not excite my attention. I see, in the character of Richard, the deep, internal, moral workings of a man who has waded through blood to a throne; and when I look upon his outward splendour, I balance it against his mental anguish, and I loathe him! I see, in Macbeth, how men of pure minds are gradually worked upon by the seductive allurements of ambition, and by yielding their judgments to those who have undue influence over them, to go on from one transgression to another, till they commit enormities, at the contemplation of which they stand aghast;

and then peace takes leave of their breasts for ever. In Hamlet, I see the instrument by which the murderer and adultress are brought to endure the pangs of a troubled mind, and the bitter compunctions of a self-accusing conscience. I see, in Wolsey, a man whom ambition has raised from the lowest to the most exalted station, and, from that, precipitated to contempt, poverty, and death. And by these means I have been taught, more forcibly than by many others, the dangers of these wayward passions. By other tragedians, I am led to see the historical or real representation of circumstances which have subdued the pride or raised the hopes of men of other times; and I am strongly impressed by the same excitements to aim at virtue, and to despise vice. In comedies such as are chaste (for I see no others, and it is to be lamented that others should be tolerated), I derive a harmless gratification. And, on these grounds, I maintain that morality has to contend with no powerful antagonist, when it would deprecate the evil tendency of scenic representations. I have observed, as long as I have been capable of observation, the effect of theatrical exhibitions upon those who have witnessed them in the manner I

have done: and the honest impression on my mind is, that, in several ways, the benefit has outweighed all the evil that has been imputed to them.

" Again, if I attend the ball-room, which even now I occasionally do, it is that I may interchange sentiments and opinions with those I meet; that I may not exhibit a false and stoical aversion to support any object that has a seasonable cheerfulness to promote; that I may mingle among all ages with those who would shine in elegant and social life: and that I may please myself by observing the graces and manners of the rising generation; for all these things excite both sexes to support a name and character, which they can only do by their virtues and accomplishments. And though these may not have a direct influence to implant religious feelings in the heart, yet they have an indirect tendency to do so; for if once the mind can be brought to imbibe only the semblance of virtue, as that without which it cannot be either tolerated or respected by good society, it may the more easily be influenced to adopt the vitality of religion upon still higher principles.

"If I visit in private life, I listen to music with pleasure, because I have a taste and relish for it; I find that it frequently becalms the ruffled mind, that it subdues the perplexed passions, and that it excites a strong, but tender sensibility. I delight in pictures, in sculpture, in drawing, and in works of art that exhibit skill and display science. I play whist, because, while it affords innocent amusement, it exercises the thinking faculties; or I join in a round game at cards, to promote cheerfulness, and prevent harmless mirth from ceasing: and I say with you, if others be unable to enjoy these things from the over-refined sensibilities of conscience, let them pursue the bias of their own inclinations; but because they have this distaste themselves, or affect to feel a scrupulous dread at yielding to the amusements of life, let them not hold out their fears as the prohibitions of Holy Writ. We have all different complexions and characters, and we see through different mediums; and what may appear sinful to one person, may not to another: and what may seem indifference to this, by another may be regarded as the direct contrary."

The conversation now took a different turn,

and continued general, until it was suggested to the host by his guests, that they were inclined to move into the drawing-room. During the whole evening Mr. Hawke had maintained an unusual silence, and, though never inattentive to the wants, or to whatever might promote the enjoyment of his friends, yet he was more inclined to listen than to converse. After the party had removed into the drawing-room, the Doctor took an opportunity, before the close of the evening, of telling him how much he was at a loss to account for his thoughtfulness and taciturnity, and expressed the hope that nothing of a serious nature had occasioned the change which he remarked.

"Indeed, my good Sir," replied he, "I have entertained none but the most serious reflections, from the time we parted after our last evening walk to the present hour. Our discussion then, and what you have advanced since, have had the effect to excite a still further and deeper consideration: which I begin to think, will end in removing my former prejudices; in making me look at a brighter prospect than I have hitherto beheld; and, finally, in bringing me to adopt opinions which

require only impartial investigation to produce an assurance of their reasonableness and truth."

The Doctor, taking his hand, and pressing it with warmth, now took a silent and unobserved leave. On the following morning he found this billet upon his table:

"My dear Sir,

"As I have now a wish to attend the service of the Church, I shall feel obliged by your appropriating a Pew to me.

"Yours truly and faithfully,

"J. Hawke."

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

Sweet is the morning's lovely ray,
That fraught with fragrance leads the day.
But sweeter far that native grace
Which mantles o'er the virgin's face,
Deepening her fair unspotted charms
When modest Virtue feels alarms.
Of soul how dead, of passions vile,
Of blacken'd heart, and vicious bent,
Is his, whose libertine intent
Can such sweet loveliness defile!
Disgrace to man, tho' fallen low,
How can he peace or comfort know,
Who in the bud could blast the rose?
The slave of guilt, a prey to woes,
And rack'd by never-dying throes
Of conscience keen, his life shall pass;
And deeper all, as sinks his glass!
Oh mark that form! — tho' sunken now,
It boasted once of Health's fresh glow:
Lovely and fair, and pure the maid,
Ere brutal man her faith betray'd.
That eye, tho' lustreless and dead,
That cheek, whence every rose is fled,
That feeble step, and drooping gait, —
These, once, pourtray'd a diff'rent fate.

How changed is she! an outcast! — one
Whose food is tears, whose couch a stone,
Whose canopy the wintry sky,
And only business now — to die!
To die! dread thought! but not before
Repentance floods her chasten'd soul,
Nor till Religion's mild control
Unlocks for her its saving store.
Oh no! she must first seek the Cross,
And there her sins, her cares dismiss,
And, counting earthly good as dross,
Her Saviour's head anoint, and kiss,
And wash his feet with holy tears. —
Hush'd then shall be her aching fears;
No more shall burst the struggling sigh,
The fount of Sorrow shall be dry;
And sweet Religion's pure caress
Shall fold her to its heart, and bless.
And tho' the fire forsake her eye,
Tho' leave her cheek the crimson dye,
Elastic tho' no more her tread,
And youth and loveliness be fled;
Yet in her eye and cheeks there lives
The charm which resignation gives,
And on her features is engraved,
"Tho' sin hath scath'd, kind Heaven hath saved!"

A copy of these lines was presented by Mr. Deacon to his Rector one morning, on which they had met for the purpose of visiting together the family of the distressed Seaman, whom

they had the satisfaction to find in a far better situation. By their intercession with his landlord, his furniture had been restored; by their assistance and advice, the man's health was much improved, and his wife was perfectly recovered, so that she could now resume her labours; while the young woman, on whose constitution sorrow had made large ravages, was beginning to feel the happy influence of Religion, "to her great and endless comfort." Great as had been her sin, deep and sincere was her penitence. She rested not satisfied with a few confessions of her fault, nor with the utterance of a few prayers, which custom made weary to her. No; once led astray from the path of duty, she felt the weakness and insufficiency of her nature; and with full purpose of heart, she turned herself to Him whose ways are mercy, and sought unto Him for grace, for pardon, and for peace. It needs not be said that she sought not in vain; for returning calmness had begun to show itself; and her days and nights, which lately had been passed in that sickness of mind and spirit which hangs like a heavy weight upon the heart of the sinner, wore now a milder appearance. In this

ameliorated state, it was the happiness of the Doctor and his Curate to find them. The old man, yet unable to get out, was reading in his Bible to his poor Magdalene; who, whilst attending with tender and affectionate duty on her babe, listened to him with eagerness.

'The messengers of peace' broke in upon them before they were aware, and gladdened them with their sight. After a short delay in this house of returning health and peace, they proceeded onwards to the visitation of other objects of commiseration and pity; but as they were passing the door of Mr. Hawke,— "Deacon," said the Doctor, "let us call in here for a few minutes, that I may inform our friend of the arrangement I design to make for his accommodation in the Church; for I am very anxious to give this converted advocate a special retainer." They were now ushered into the library, where they found Mr. Hawke engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Singleton, the minister of the Unitarian Chapel; who, having received from his late disciple information of his apostacy, had come to enquire into, and canvass the reasons of his secession. This interview the Doctor considered most

fortunate; as in the event of a discussion of the principles of their religious differences taking place, he judged that an opportunity would be afforded for making an estimate how far, and with what degree of sincerity, his friend had been brought to espouse his new belief.

"This is the gentleman of whom I once made mention to you, Doctor," said he: "he has been plying me with arguments of a very different tendency to those which you once offered to my consideration, and which produced so firm a change in my mind, though he has been pointing out to me the *shockingness* (as he terms it) of the Athanasian Creed; which, he says, is a disgrace, not only to the Church which makes it part of its Liturgy, but to the whole Christian world. Now, as you and Mr. Deacon are come in very opportunely, you will, I hope, not suffer me to hear one side of the question only; for though one part of a dispute is enough for me in the case of a client, it is by no means sufficient in an affair of so much importance as this. If, therefore, you and Mr. Deacon will plead on the opposite side, Mr. Singleton, I am sure, will be ready to

conduct the accusation against you; and in that case he will open the business. We have no clerk to call silence, nor to impannel a jury; will you, therefore, Mr. Singleton, without further ceremony, take the lead.

"Sir," replied he, "stranger as I am to these gentlemen, you have imposed upon me a task to which I fear I am unequal; but as it is my duty to avail myself of all opportunities to correct wrong ideas and principles, however sanctioned by antiquity and power, and to disseminate just ones in their places, without more consideration I begin. In the first place, I shall confine my observations to two general heads: one is, that Athanasius was not the author of the Creed, and that, therefore, it is absurd to call it by its present name; and the other, that it not only contains a doctrine repugnant to reason, and highly incongruous, but also arrogates a power of anathematising, altogether inconsistent with the Christian religion. Besides, supposing Athanasius to be its author, it is no recommendation to it to bear his name; for he was banished for sedition and evil practices more than once."

"I will take your last observation first,"

said the Doctor; "and I have no hesitation in asserting that Athanasius, in himself, was a persecuted man, and persecuted solely on account of his firm and inflexible orthodoxy; which was so offensive to the innovators of his time, that he became an object of their malignant envy and unceasing malevolence. So far from being what you represent him to be, his character was altogether different, and worthy rather of admiration than censure. I could prove to you the truth of this, but it is not necessary; because, even granting him to be the object you represent him, that would in no degree impugn either the authority or veracity of the creed."

"How so, Sir?" replied Mr. Singleton. "If he be not the author of it, then it is no longer the Athanasian Creed, but the creed of any body, or nobody."

"We will not dispute about names," said Mr. Deacon, "but confine ourselves to facts. It is the doctrine of the Creed with which we have to do."

"As for its doctrine," said Mr. Singleton, "that is altogether abhorrent! The dogma of the Trinity is monstrous, but the dogma of this

Creed is unreasonable, cruel, and presumptuous! To say that unless a man believes every thing contained in it, he is without doubt lost, is to say that unless a man will assent to a string of inconsistencies, he is in a state of inevitable perdition. Now, such an idea is horrible to a Christian, and makes a charitable mind shrink with dread."

"It is all very well," said the Doctor, "for people to profess so much liberality and feeling for others. There is something in it catching and plausible, for it is the doctrine of tinsel and show; whilst the candour and solemnity of undisguised truth and orthodoxy are repulsive and unseemly, because they are unsparing and inimical to fraud and presumption. I cannot conceive how any one can, consistently, talk of Christian feeling and charity, who abjures the only idea of Christ which can command our reverence or excite our love. Without a violation of that charity, I am of opinion, that they bear the Christian name for no other purpose than their own convenience; and are no more to be called Christians than the Creed under consideration is, according to your view, to be called Athanasian."

"How, Sir?" replied Mr. Singleton, with some warmth. "We are perhaps as good Christians, at least as good men, as those who arrogate to themselves that title."

"With personal goodness, or individual correctness of life, I consider we have nothing to do at present," said Mr. Deacon. "I must coincide in the sentiment so temperately, yet so firmly advanced by my friend; and if I mistake not, the infidels of the present day, claim you as their brethren, though they tax you with inconsistency, for retaining the name, when you have abjured the doctrine of Christianity. Nay, they say that the rescinding the laws that were once in force against you, is the door through which they have made bold to enter; and that it is unjust that they should be persecuted for their doctrines, whilst you are permitted not only to profess your principles, but to proselytize. I mention this to shew you the opinion entertained by men who feel no respect for creeds, and whose only merit is, (if merit it may be called), that they have the courage openly to avow their belief."

"Such observations, coming from a Trinitarian, excite in me no wonder," replied Mr.

Singleton, "since it is a part of their creed to despise all who differ from them. But, I would ask, why may we not be called Christians as well as you? We profess the founder of our religion to be Jesus Christ, who was a singularly good man, and one pre-eminently gifted and favoured by Heaven; we believe in the miracles which he wrought; we submit to his doctrines and maxims as the best rules of life; we acknowledge that he was raised from the dead, and that he is now an inhabitant of Heaven."

"And," continued the Doctor, "allow me to say, that they who are Christians in truth acknowledge the author and maker of their religion to be Jesus Christ, the son of a Virgin, in his human form, but, in his spiritual nature, 'exalted far above all principalities and powers:' for this reason, because he is God, who not only could give that sanction, weight, and authority to moral precepts, which lawgivers, who were mere men, could not, but who was 'the Mediator of the Covenant, perfect God and perfect Man.' He it was that paid the atonement of our sins, and became, by his own nature and power, 'the first-fruits of them that slept.' There is something in this to excite our love in a higher

and more impressive degree than the idea which you entertain. I am not surprised that you, who are an Unitarian, should object to this creed in particular; my astonishment rests upon those who, while they profess to acknowledge the Christian verity, entertain a *shyness* on this subject. But I will assert, that all who believe in the triune Deity, must either go the full length of the Creed, or abjure their profession."

"Yes; but, Sir, I believe neither the Trinity nor the Creed," said Mr. Singleton; "and I am proud to dissent from them, as they are unintelligible, and, as I before said, uncharitable: unintelligible, because one contains a mystery beyond all human power to comprehend; and the other asserts a sweeping condemnation, which must exclude, I think, every one from salvation. Now, on this principle, I am fully justified in using the terms *unintelligible* and *uncharitable*. But, to go more deeply into the subject, how, I would ask, can three persons be one, or one three? As well may you say that you two gentlemen and myself, who are three distinct persons, are one person; for if the three persons of your Trinity are each God, then are they three Gods, and you are polytheists."

"To the charge of polytheism, I give a most positive denial," said the Doctor. "That the subject of the Trinity is mysterious, is, I should hope, no reason why it should not be believed; and that the condemnatory clauses are not uncharitable, I also must contend. But, Sir, though great is the mystery of the Trinity, we may, nevertheless, find, at least, some analogy to help us to comprehend it. In doing this, however, I must disclaim making use of any gross idea of the Almighty, or measuring him by human capacity; for as he is an infinite spirit, so must our understanding, which is necessarily limited to earthly things, fail thoroughly to take it in. It is only, therefore, in a spiritual sense that we can discuss this point; and our arguments must consequently be stripped of all grossness and humanity. Conceive, if you can, what I take to be the most perfect idea of God, that he is perfect wisdom, goodness, and power. Now, if such perfectness belong to the three persons of the Trinity, they must necessarily be all equally God. But that each of these possesses this in himself, is apparent from this consideration, that each is self-conscious of each other's actions; for as that person of the Trinity

whom we call the Father is God, in every sense of our comprehension and belief, so must the other two, if they possess the same attributes, be God: and they are, also, three in one."

"You laid down an axiom respecting the spirituality of the Deity," replied Mr. Singleton, "and that we should discuss it in a spiritual manner. Now, your view rests only, I conceive, on your own dictum: and, therefore, we are yet as widely at issue as when you commenced your argument."

"I hope not," observed Mr. Deacon; "for I think Dr. Freeman has laid down a position, which, as it is warranted by Scripture, is strong and immoveable. And that it is so, may be learnt, first, from the consideration of the Son or second person, on the principle of self-consciousness; for whatever is self-conscious of the wisdom, power, and perfection of another being, must be one and the same as that being. Hence the Son says, 'The Father is in me, and I in him.' — 'As the Father knoweth me, so know I the Father.' — 'Whatsoever things he doeth, these, also, doth the Son likewise.' Who, then, on considering the strict and only true sense that these and several passages of Holy Writ express,

can deny that the Father and the Son have the same self-consciousness, fully and perfectly the same, and that each equally comprehends the other: and, consequently, they are one and the same. Now, if this be true, and I defy Satan himself to disprove it, then is the Divinity composed of these two, mutually and intimately God; and if the Holy Ghost possesses the same self-consciousness as the Father and the Son, he must, in like manner, be God, equally and essentially one and the same:—'For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.'—'The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given to us.' In like manner, Christ speaking of him, says, 'He shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore, said I, that he shall take of mine and shall show it unto you.' Here, then, the Holy Spirit is as intimately acquainted with the mind or counsel of the Father and Son as they are of each other's: he must, therefore, be the same with them, and as inti-

mate and as much within them, as the spirit of a man is in a man; and all this by an essential unity or self-consciousness. 'For,' says the Apostle, 'what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him; even so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God.' — In like manner, God comprehends the Spirit as the Spirit comprehends God; 'For,' says the Apostle, 'he knoweth the mind of the Spirit, too.' — Thus I have shown you, how these three are necessarily and essentially God, 'neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance.'"

"I confess," said Mr. Hawke, who had hitherto been a silent and very attentive auditor, "that were any thing yet wanting to complete my turning to what I now conceive the true idea of God, as contained in the orthodox notion of the Trinity, I should, from this view of it, have confessed my error; but as I have already done that, I need only now say that my conviction is complete, — so complete, that no argument can be advanced powerful enough to cause me to swerve from this my fixed judgment. And I thank Heaven that I have had the opportunity of being prevented from denying my Saviour

and my God, and shutting my heart against the divine influence of the Holy Spirit. I only now regret that I should ever have entertained principles and tenets which I consider at variance with Christianity itself. I owe this open declaration to you, Mr. Singleton; and be assured that my decision is the result, not of a partial judgment, for I leaned to you rather than to the church: not a hasty resolve, for I have thought of it deeply, seriously, and for some time: not of a spirit of wavering and change, for I clung to your doctrines as the drowning mariner to the mast: but of a most conscientious belief that the idea which I, in unison with others of your sect, had carved of the Almighty, was altogether derogatory to Him who 'dwells not in temples made with hands,' whose throne is heaven, whose footstool is the earth, and who grasps immensity with a span. This idea was necessarily followed by my searching more closely and deeply into the subject; and the result has been, that I hesitate not to confess 'a Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity.' And, however fallacious and absurd you esteem this holy doctrine, I think it more reconcileable to common sense and reason,

because it is founded in Scripture, and conveys altogether a spiritual notion of the Divinity: whereas your notion of it is fashioned after human experience; which, as it is fallible and frail, so must your conclusion partake of those imperfections. Nay, I will go farther; for I not only confess the doctrine of the Trinity, but assent to the view taken of it in the Creed which we have been discussing, which I consider an admirable exposition of a difficult and mysterious subject. And whether it bears the name of its author, or was a compendium of the Christian belief in the age when it was promulgated, about fourteen centuries ago, I now look upon it as a powerful barrier against the introduction of false notions, not only of the Godhead, but of the Incarnation; and 'all that is necessary for a Christian to believe to his soul's health.' Nevertheless, Dr. Freeman, I almost wish that the condemnatory clauses had not been so pointed and decisive; and though I cannot go the whole length with Mr. Singleton in this respect, yet I should like to know how you would attempt to support them."

"Mr. Hawke," said the Doctor, "I admire your candour, and esteem your change of senti-

ment solely as the result of unbiassed thought and impartial investigation. Your remaining doubt I shall have no difficulty in solving; but it is only fair to ask this Gentleman's permission to advance to this part of the argument; that is, if he be satisfied that the doctrine of the Trinity is not so absolutely unintelligible, nor so unworthy of credit, as he supposed."

"Sir," replied Mr. Singleton, "if I mistake not, your hypothesis amounts to this, — that the Father is one true God, the Son one true God, and the Holy Ghost one true God; and yet you assert there is but one true God; which is a contradiction impossible to be reconciled. After you have cleared up this strange inconsistency, I shall be glad to proceed to the remaining consideration of it."

"It is a principle with your Sect," replied the Doctor, "to pervert or turn aside every thing that militates against your doctrines; and though this is not the place to point out the strange twists which your translators and commentators have given to those passages of Holy Writ which you cannot admit, because they are too pointed against you, without either corrupting or expunging, yet I cannot withhold

my expression of the unfairness and disingenuousness of it. At the same time, I would have you and all your followers to know, that the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity rests upon a foundation which, though exposed to the assaults and battering of human ingenuity and perverted intelligence, cannot perish; because it is founded upon a Rock, the Rock of Ages. Hence we care not to defend this or that passage of which there can be the least shadow of a doubt, well knowing that as the early Christians fled from one city to another when the malevolence of their adversaries denied them a longer continuance, so we have authorities to which we have recourse, beyond the pulling down, or erasure, or perversion of all that Socinians can devise or execute."

"But what has this to do with my observation?" replied Mr. Singleton, who was glad to put an end to remarks that were too home for his refutation.

"Much," answered Mr. Deacon, "at least in my opinion; for does not your query go upon that principle which Dr. Freeman was deprecating? The hypothesis he laid down and defended, you, because you could not refute it,

think proper to misunderstand. A very few words will suffice, I think, to answer you. Is not the soul self-conscious to all that the body does, feels, and attempts; and, in like manner, the body to the soul? Yet these two, though they are not one and the same thing, because body cannot be soul, nor soul body, constitute one person or individual, namely, Man. The soul is one, considered by itself, and so is the body: but unite them, as they are united by self-consciousness, and they form, when thus united, one being. So, in like manner, the three persons, or the three hypostases, or whatever name you call them, of the Divinity, are individually or separately one; yet these three, taken together and united, form but one God. In what manner this union takes place it concerns not those who cannot comprehend their own union of body and soul to enquire; for that which is finite cannot, from its very nature, take in infinity: and if it fail to understand how itself is constituted, surely it is the height of impiety, profanation, and idolatry, to circumscribe the immensity and intangibility of the Divinity within the narrow comprehension of intelligences which 'know but in part.' We can

only conceive God by his attributes: we ought to rest satisfied with that knowledge, and not be high-minded, and canvass things 'into which the very angels desire to look'—"

"But, Sir," interrupted Mr. Singleton, "you make ideas of the form of God as well as we do; we may, therefore, rebut your assertion back upon yourselves."

"Yes," said Mr. Deacon; "but you must allow there is some difference between spiritual and human things: and as much as these vary from each other, so much does our idea of the Divinity differ from yours. What we complain of is, that your conception of it is too gross, and adapted to human understanding; and consequently either derogatory from the Supreme Being, or bounding it up within limits, and by that means rendering it finite and imperfect."

"Or," rejoined the Doctor, "rather say that both these detractions from the incomprehensibility of God follow from the Socinian doctrine."

"It strikes me, Gentlemen," observed Mr. Hawke, "that there is one passage which puts this question, as it now stands, quite at rest—'Great is the mystery of godliness; God was

manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of Angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.' "

"That is, indeed," said Mr. Deacon, "the passage upon which I was grounding my argument, and I thank you for the application which you have made of it."

"I see," replied Mr. Singleton, "that you three unite in one against me, and at this rate we may go on till doomsday; because I do not feel disposed to abandon my position, and I do not apprehend these Gentlemen will forsake theirs: we will, therefore, proceed to what constitutes the uncharitableness of this Creed; and this consists in giving over to damnation all those who cannot bring their understandings to comprehend the unreasonable and unintelligible doctrine of the Trinity. Now, this is very harsh and cruel, that they who have not a comprehension pliant enough to take in this monstrous dogma, must, on that account, be excluded from the salvation of Heaven. Not only, then, those of the Christian World who dissent from you, but all the millions of creatures, on whom the day-spring of the Gospel has not risen, are included in this damnatory

sweep, which it is disgraceful to a liberal mind to entertain."

"If," replied the Doctor, "a man's private judgment is to be the rule and criterion of Scripture interpretation, your hypothesis would be just. But who shall question the Almighty? or, who shall be his counsellor? Who shall dare to scrutinize what he does? or arraign his dispensation? If our finite comprehensions could grasp infinity, they would cease to be human. The idea conveys an absurdity more palpable than any which you can possibly lay to our charge; and whilst it strives to exalt the nature of man, it either destroys his humanity, or derogates from the Deity. Unreasonable and unintelligible as the Trinity may appear to you, infinitely worse and more gross is the notion you advance; because, as it has been before observed, it levels the immensity and infinity of heaven to the grovelling and imperfection of earth. Bearing these observations in mind, we shall come to the discussion and consideration of this important doctrine with more humble feelings, and more suitable ideas. You will, from this view, also, easily perceive how unjust and unfair is your proposition."

"But, Sir, assertion is no argument," replied Mr. Singleton, "and I must beg some more satisfactory proof than your mere *dictum*; for the opinion of one man, nay, of a thousand beings, if unsupported by better authority than an *ipse dixit*, deserves no credit."

"How, Sir," observed Mr. Deacon, "does that observation come from you? Why, that is the very object of Dr. Freeman's remarks: but as you want some authority superior to human evidence, we shall not shrink from adducing it. It is unnecessary that we, who rest all our doctrines on the Scriptures, fairly and logically interpreted, should be backward in giving in our authority. Now, Sir, the nature of the Trinity and its foundation in the Scriptures, need not here be insisted on; because, had it not been revealed to us, we never could have known it, and because we have already discussed it. In addition to this, however, I beg leave to advance an hypothesis plain and simple, and one that cannot, I think, be objected to. If the institution of Baptism, as ordained by our Saviour himself, and practised by his inspired Apostles and his Church to our days, be binding on us, then I may hope to make out a case not

easily disproved. The form of that Sacrament, by which we are admitted into the privilege of the Christian dispensation, and become regenerated children of grace under the title of Christians, is a broad basis upon which to ground our present discussion. 'Go, baptize all nations,' were the words of the Saviour, 'into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' Now, if our admission into the Christian Covenant depends upon Baptism,—and that it does we must believe if we would be saved,—it depends upon a full confession of, and belief in, the Holy Trinity; and this is no more and no less than what is asserted in the Athanasian Creed. For if Salvation be obtained by Baptism, which brings us within the pale of grace, then is the acknowledgment of this doctrine absolutely necessary to eternal life. Whoever therefore believes in the efficacy of this Sacrament, must acknowledge the Trinity, as explained or laid down by the Creed now under discussion. I rest not this on bare supposition, Mr. Singleton; it is founded upon the words of truth,—upon the assertion of Him 'who spake as never man spake,' and of Him who came to be a light to lighten the world to

peace, virtue, and to heaven. Every text of Scripture depends for its full force and efficacy upon this doctrine: and if so, then must they who would rob it of its divine authority, to say the least, be in danger of the judgment. For, if they who call their brother 'fool' be in danger of hell-fire, how much rather they who deny the divinity of God, and measure him by their imperfect standard! 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.'— These, Sir, were almost the concluding words of Christ, before he left this earth to return to the glory which he had before the world in the bosom of his Father, and to resume his inconceivable Majesty; 'being made so much better than the Angels,' that they pay him adoration and worship, glory and praise. If he, then, at such an hour, thought it necessary to enforce this upon the consideration of his followers, why should any one dare, not merely to deny his true nature, but question the justice of his command? It is, indeed, truly awful to talk lightly respecting Him, who even when under the form of man, in all his actions manifested the power, the oneness, and dignity of the Supreme; but

how much more awful is it when men are found who profane his holy name, by robbing him of his true nature, and denying his just and unquestionable attributes! That he is to be judge of the World is established beyond all controversy; where then shall the sinner and blasphemer appear? How shall they dare to look up to him for mercy whom they reviled, disgraced, and defamed! All this is founded in Scripture, and this is singly and solely the doctrine of the Creed. In what, then, is it cruel? in what is it uncharitable? Rather, I would ask, in what is the Revelation of Heaven, or the book in which that Revelation is recorded, cruel and uncharitable? 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,' and consequently must be infallible, both in faith and practice, and may not be charged by man with any fault, either of omission or commission; and why, then, should doctrines which not only have their foundation in it, but which are expressed in its very words, be censured, and made the butt of ribaldry and animadversion? In this view, and I can form no other of it, I think that they who ridicule and reject the faith of the Holy Trinity, are treading on embers which contain the spark of de-

struction hidden beneath, ready to ignite and consume them. This faith, then, must 'be kept holy and undefiled:' for as there is no medium between virtue and vice, and between heaven and hell, so must the doctrine of the Trinity be either absolutely true or false. If false, then Scripture is no rule of faith, for the idea of the Trinity could never have been conceived, had it not been revealed from heaven; and that revelation is found in the word of God: but if it be true, then 'he only who believes shall be saved, whilst he that believeth not shall be damned.'"

"The more I hear," said Mr. Hawke, "of this doctrine, the more I am convinced of its truth, and congratulate myself on having escaped from so dangerous an error as my former reading and associates had led me to adopt. It is my hope that all who, through presumption or error of judgment, are entangled in the maze of Socinius, will be able to extricate themselves; and at length, like the apostle St. Thomas, be ready to exclaim, while looking on Jesus, "My Lord and my God!"

"In order to answer an objection which Mr. Singleton appears disposed to enforce,"

added Dr. Freeman, "I would observe, that the curse denounced against unbelievers can only extend to those who bear the name of Christ, yet refuse to listen to his voice; and only adopt, as articles of belief, those things which fall in with their limited and imperfect comprehensions; I mean to those who, though having a talent committed to their management, either neglect to use it, or employ it in a way disgraceful to the donor, and dangerous to themselves. Of course, it is charitable to believe that those on whom the Sun of Righteousness has not shed the healing of his wings are not included in this condemnation; for 'the Heathens are a law unto themselves,' and have not that talent to improve which Christians have. As, therefore, little to them is given, of them will little be required; but, on the contrary, much having been given to us, of us much will be required. They have not been baptized to Christ; they have not heard of the Saviour, and him crucified; they cannot, therefore, 'believe what they have not heard,' neither will they be punished for not performing what they have not known. But the case is far different with us: we have no such excuse to plead.

Our infidelity cannot arise from ignorance: we have been baptized to this doctrine, if we have been baptized at all; and, therefore, if 'we would be saved, we must thus think of the Catholic faith.'"

"It is clear then," replied Mr. Singleton, "that you must regard us, and such as hold our opinions, as excluded from salvation; a belief which is not only uncharitable, but is directly opposed to what are termed the orthodox principles of your Church, which denies the distinction of elect and reprobate among any of the conscientious members of the Christian World."

"Excuse me," replied the Doctor, "you entirely mistake if you conceive us to entertain notions of this kind towards any description of men who conscientiously make the Gospel of Christ their rule of life, however differently they may view it from ourselves. It is true that, according to our belief, we entertain the positive assurance that they whose faith is like our own, and who exercise it in works of love to God and man, imploring the constant aid of the blessed Spirit, and trusting, alone, to the mediation of Christ, will certainly be saved — it

is true we think there is not the same certainty for those who reject the necessity of a divine Redeemer; but though we have not the *assurance*, yet we sincerely cherish and entertain the *hope* that they will be of the happy number of the saved. Fain would we be more at ease on this matter: fain would we convert this uncertain hope into a firm assurance. It is with such intentions only that we warn others from adopting your principles, and strive to make those among you see this most important point in the same light that we view it ourselves: believe me, our motives emanate from charity, not from hatred."

Just as the Doctor had finished speaking, the door opened, and the approach of visitors was announced: this, therefore, put an end to the discussion; which, with the exception of having more strongly confirmed Mr. Hawke's belief in the truth of the Scripture doctrine of the Incarnation and Divinity of Christ, had apparently no other effect. The contending parties now took their leave, and withdrew.

THE FATALIST.

Captain Fortiscue had seen many a naval engagement, and had fought upon every occasion with such undaunted heroism, as left his judgment infinitely more questionable than his courage. He was not only addicted to an excess of patriotic impetuosity, but sought out the road to danger with the same zeal that others commonly used to avoid it. The same enthusiasm characterised him in every thing. Still he possessed talent, which a proper cultivation might have made brilliant; — a genius prompt to invent, and enterprise to encounter; but, like the vessel in which he rode upon the ocean, he stood in frequent need of a rudder to direct his devious course. He had performed such prodigies of valour, and manifested such self-devotion to his profession, that, had he possessed greater stability of discretion, he would have claimed distinction in the service.

His spirits were always variable; now buoyed up by sanguine expectation, now dejected by disappointment: like the element on which he lived, he was at one time calm and motionless, at another violent and raging. After having served upon almost every station, and fought with almost every nation of the globe, he had retired upon half-pay, with the addition of a pension, the compensation for the loss of an arm carried away in the last action in which he was engaged. With such a mind, and such feelings, it was impossible for him to remain inactive; but at length wearied with forming projects which terminated in abortion, and tired of the sameness of life, he looked out for one who might comfort and solace him in his retirement, and relieve the tedium of life by the endearments of conjugal happiness. As he was a man whose mind was prone to despondency when activity of life ceased, he had, from the time of his removal from service, occasionally fallen into great mental gloominess, which had been increased rather than subdued by false sentiments of religion: it was his wish, therefore, to make choice of a wife whose views in these respects might, in some degree, assimilate to his own.

As he was thrown but little into the society of those of his own profession, he could not execute the design he once formed, of uniting himself to the daughter of a brother-officer, who might understand, and feel interested in the relation of those oft-repeated anecdotes of the good and great things of his earlier life, which formed the not-unfrequent subject of his conversation. Indeed, removed to a distance from all circumstances and persons connected with the service, his mind turned to the contemplation of other subjects, and chiefly to religion. So much had his attention been engrossed by sacred and nautical reflections, that he had drawn up a treatise on the naval tactics of the Old and New Testament, in which he had descanted at large upon the structure and capacity of Noah's ark, and compared it with the vessels built by Deucalion and the Argonauts; he had hazarded an opinion of the probable burden of the Ninevitish ship, from which, in order to lighten its freight, Jonah had been hurled into the profundity of the deep; and then he had run into a digression of some length, to prove that whales have never been found in the latitudes in which the prophet was sailing: then taking a comprehensive

view of the improvement of the science in subsequent ages, he established beyond all controversy, the tonnage of the craft which sailed to and fro over the lake of Gennesareth, and concluded by appending a pointed stricture upon the misconception of Raphael; who, in one of his cartoons representing the miraculous draught of fishes, had placed several figures of the holy personages in a boat, so small, that any one by his own weight alone must have upset it. In this way his mind had been occupied, when it was suddenly turned from the course of these lucubrations, by falling into the company of a daughter of an eminent tradesman of the town; a lady who had once possessed some indisputable pretensions to beauty, the loss of which was now counterbalanced by what might be considered the prospect of a pretty fortune, an education rather beyond her station in life, and the inheritance of the severest principles of religion. The season of love is the season of poetical inspiration; and many were the attempts which the Captain made to assail the strong-holds of the lady's heart, by exalting her opinion of his talents, and inflaming her with the ardour of his affection. His mode of disclosing the la-

bouring passion of his breast was not so singular as it was affecting; it was expressed in the following rhapsody, which was delivered at the close of an evening visit, with the vice-like grasp of a hard hand, and the upward cast of an enamoured, but a blood-shot eye:

Oh Cupid, God of wild desires!
Venus, Mistress of the Loves!
Oh quench, oh quench these inward fires,
Hither drive your purple doves.

Waft yourselves upon the ocean
Of the blue and cloudless sky,
For, alas! you have no notion
How very near I am to die.

To die — in one ecstatic burst
Of a non-descriptive joy;
I burn, I burn, oh slake my thirst! —
Raging Loves my senses cloy.

Tho' in battle I've been wounded,
And by waves have oft been tost,
Until now I ne'er was grounded,
Ne'er till now have I been lost —

Lost — in fiercest adoration
Of her many various charms,
Ye Gods! accept of my prostration,
Give, oh give her to my arms!

The conclusion of these lines was truly poetical, because it was the height of fiction in the author to represent himself as possessing two arms, when he evidently had but one. This mistake did not, however, escape his observation, and if he could have altered the sentiment without altering the rhymes, he would have done so; but it was revolting from his mind to represent himself as a dismembered lover; besides, as he had once possessed the full complement of limbs, he suffered the stanza to remain. But the result of all this was not what he had anticipated; for though the lines breathed an unequivocal avowal of his love, yet the lady's sensibility was altogether shocked at the profanation of invoking heathen deities, which, she said, were only other names for demons; and the offer of prostration to them amounted, in her opinion, to sheer idolatry. Her displeasure, therefore, was wofully excited by this unhappy effusion, and would probably have proved, for some length of time, fatal to his suit, had he not soon afterwards offered a more congenial, serious, and more approved effort of his Muse.

Here, a vile but contrite sinner
  Seeks a Saint endow'd with grace,
Fain and fairly would he win her
  In the semblance of thy face.

Holy maiden! know I love thee;
  Religion's voice in thee I hear;
From thy presence do not drive me;
  Methinks I feel an holy fear.

Storms and tempests I've not heeded,
  They were all the sports of Fate;
Other lessons I have needed
  To remind me of my state.

With vice in every shape infected,
  From thy sight I ought to flee;
But I feel myself elected
  To partake of bliss with thee.

Canst thou wish to stop the torrent,
  Or the trade-wind in its course?
Can'st thou meet the storm abhorrent,
  Or unshrinking stem its force?

Then seek not, Lady, to reject me,
  Nor my fondness to reprove;
To thy sweet embrace elect me,
  Let me revel in thy love!

No sooner had she gained upon the affections of the Captain, and procured the key which unlocked the arcana of his heart, than she exerted her power to eradicate those notions which she deemed false, and to strengthen those she judged right and holy. His treatise upon sacred nautical tactics she constrained him now, as the condition of her acceptance of him, to burn to ashes, as a profanation which no other sacrifice nor altar could remove; and here, little "Dan Cupid," was exemplified thy power! That which had cost him so much intense contemplation, exhibiting in one view all his knowledge and learning, which he had cherished as the progeny of his brain, the child of his fancy, the offspring of his inventive genius and erudite imagination, was, in one moment of time, all obliterated, pulverised, and destroyed, to purchase — what? the heart and hand of a maiden of forty, who, in all the paleness and pride of an austere religionist, promised the partner of her couch the participation of her own gloominess, to mix with that compound which made up the gravity and gaiety of his own unsettled disposition. The thing was, however, after much compunction

and some little hesitation, performed; after which, and some other preliminaries which were said to be calculated to ensure spiritual rather than earthly comfort, the lady, with downcast look and blushing modesty, suffered herself to be conducted to the altar.

This was almost the last act of worship which the Captain performed in the Church; for from this day Mrs. Fortescue had passed an *unanimous* resolution, that they should attend the service of a Chapel, of which her uncle was the minister, and in which the doctrines of Calvin were preached to their full extent. To this her spouse made no objection, inclined as he was by habit and inclination to give way to a perfect belief in Predestination, and absolute Necessity; a belief which had actuated him on so many occasions to meet danger, and to brave death in every form. For many years were these notions strengthened by the perpetual sanction of his wife's authority; and when, after a little time, she presented him with a son, her power was complete. It is easy, therefore, to conceive how poignant must have been his sorrow, when all joy was suspended by the announcement of the death of her who had

given birth to his child. He bore the calamity with no religion, with no philosophy; his grief was impassioned, and for a length of time he exhibited a phrenzied despondency; but as his child acquired strength, and grew beneath his eye, his cheerfulness at one time returned, and at another broke out into joy bordering upon wildness. Like a vessel without rudder or helm, which is tossed by every storm, and impelled by every gale, he was the constant sport of varying feelings. To rear his infant was an employment altogether new, and called forth once more his inventive faculties. Determined that the mind should be impressed with whatever might inspire a love for his profession, every thing without was destined to convey some idea which, from early association, might lead it to a bias for the sea. The child's cradle was built in the form of a boat, with an awning above the head. The nurse had been chosen from the widows of the sailors of his former crew. The nursery itself resembled the cabin of a ship in size, number of lockers, and furniture of drawers and sea-chests. A deep closet had been fitted up as a birth for the nurse, only accessible by a small flight of steps. In short, every thing

within bore the closest similitude to the interior of a ship. At the age of six the child was amused by floating little cork vessels on tubs of water, and began to acquire the phraseology of seamen; and as the boy increased in years and knowledge, his mind was diverted by the constant relation of stories of enterprize and courage, exemplified in the manifold histories of sea-faring heroes. The Captain had amused himself also with rearing an enormous pole on the grass-plot of his garden, and equipped it with ladders, ropes, and sails, to resemble the mast of a man of war; and here the child was constantly exercised in all the confused mazes of rigging, and in all the technicalities of the nautic science, and was taught to climb with a dexterity, which, whilst it surprised, horrified those who were made the spectators of his activity. To what excess all this would have been carried, had it been much longer indulged, it is difficult to conjecture; for the infection had extended so far, that the boy, seeing how his exploits won upon his father's heart, and how enraptured he was with every feat that brought back the remembrance of his dangerous career of life, had himself converted the prop of a

stool to buckle on his knee, as a wooden leg, and had tied a bandage over one eye, in imitation of what he conceived to be the honourable badges of the profession. Thus equipped, he was frequently seen hobbling over the quarter-deck, or climbing to the mast-head, from which latter perilous situation, for want of better sight and better footing, he was, upon an unlucky occasion, suddenly precipitated to the ground, and narrowly escaped with life; having not merely splintered his wooden leg, but dislocated the knee to which it had been appended. The Captain soon reconciled himself to this accident; for on surveying the spot on which the sufferer had fallen, and measuring its distance from the mast, he discovered that had the boy been actually on board of ship, he would exactly have fallen into the water, and, consequently, would have sustained no other probable harm than a mere ducking; and then would only have escaped from that peril to have been exposed to another; "for," said he, "it is clear the accident was fated."

As soon as the brave boy recovered, he was sent, by the advice of his father's friends, to a school in the neighbourhood of the metropolis,

where he was educated with several other youths for the service of the navy. At the age of fourteen, impressed with the superior happiness of seamen, and enamoured of the profession, he was made midshipman, and put under the command of a former comrade of his father. At twenty he had become a young man of great promise, and combined the best qualities of both his parents; he was possessed of genius and taste, with enthusiasm enough to make him warm and animated, and religion to give him a spirit of unaffected devotion, combined with goodness of heart. No wonder that his father looked up to him with sensations of pride and happiness. But it unfortunately happened (such is the uncertainty of life) that the parent's high conceptions were suddenly blasted, by the intelligence of his son's death in one of those brilliant engagements with the enemy which have raised the character of the naval prowess of this country to such a preeminent height of glory. This was so terrible a shock to the unhappy man, that it had brought upon him a grief which preyed upon his heart and spirits.

A few years after he had suffered this last

"stroke of fate," as he termed it, he was on a visit to Mr. Trustwell, the merchant, in whose company Dr. Freeman accidentally met him, as they were surveying the public edifices of the town.

"Doctor," said Mr. Trustwell, "we have just been at the Rectory, and, being disappointed in not finding you at home, I left a note to request the pleasure of your joining our family circle at tea this evening, which I hope you will be able to accept. My friend here, Captain Fortescue, whom I beg to introduce to you, is much out of spirits from a severe domestic affliction, heightened by what I think a wrong notion of the justice and mercy of God. As I know your disposition to heal the broken-hearted, I am sure you will make an effort to oblige me, in giving him your assistance and counsel, so that I shall rely upon the pleasure of seeing you."

Early in the evening the Doctor proceeded to the merchant's house, where he found the whole family seated around the fire, together with Captain Fortescue and Miss Lorraine. The conversation was enlivened by this addition of the Rector, who upon all occasions endea-

voured to heighten the harmony of society, either by his cheerful participation of mirth, or by the pleasing manner in which he conveyed his instructive counsel. Some time after the tea-things were removed, it was curious to observe how the party was interested by the whole demeanour and deportment of the Captain, who at one time formed the life of the circle, and at another seemed an abstracted being; now relating "his moving accidents by flood and field," and now touching the chord from which his sorrows vibrated. The good Doctor, in particular, sympathized with him, and endeavoured, with that delicate attention which a Christian mind only can show, to draw him from himself, and by indulging, to ease his labouring thoughts. The nearer, however, he drew him to the source of his affliction, the more he found his mind alienated from that settled composure which true religion bestows upon the humble and sincere sufferer.

"It is of no use," said the Captain, "my regretting and afflicting myself with thinking upon my brave son. He was destined to suffer, and I was ordained to misery here; but I, also, have the comfort of knowing that I am fore-

doomed to happiness hereafter. It matters not, therefore, whether I had kept him on land or sent him to sea; what was to happen to him was to happen in spite of all I could do."

"Allow me, Sir," said the benevolent Doctor, "to ask you if you think it was fated by the Almighty that you and I should meet here at my friend Mr. Trustwell's, and that our conversation should be on this subject? Was it ordained that I should meet you in the street this morning, or that I should be absent when you called at the Rectory? I cannot bring my mind to believe that I am compelled, by invisible necessity, to have met you here, because I feel within myself a liberty of thought and action; and I know that if I wilfully expose myself to danger, whether I am fated to it or not, I shall incur great hazard. I am sure, also, that while I am in a sound mind, it rests with myself whether I throw myself from the battlements of the bridge into the river, and, consequently, whether I shall be drowned from such a circumstance or not. Now, what reason can you have for supposing that your son was necessitated to die in the engagement which has

put a period to his short, but brilliant career? I grant you that certain causes will produce certain effects; and that if a bullet strikes a person in a mortal part, death must follow; but I cannot allow that it is fated whom the bullet shall strike. You cannot deny, in the heat of engagement, when instruments of war are busy in all hands, some must perish; but why not this as well as that person? why not the veteran as well as the recruit? I answer, because he only whom the sword or bullet strikes comes in immediate contact with the instruments of death; and, consequently, had he not been there, he would have escaped the mortal wound. This is not by unavoidable necessity; it is only the effect of a general cause, which would be the same in one as in another; in the noblest as in the basest, and in the bravest as in the most cowardly; in the hero of Trafalgar, as in the meanest of his seamen. Refrain, therefore, my good Sir, to arraign Fate or Necessity for your sorrow; for are you not at the same time arraigning the wisdom of God? His providence is over all, and the minutest and most insignificant being is as much under his eye as the

largest and most interesting object. As the poet has well said, on the authority of Scripture, —

‘ Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.’

I grant that, without his permission, neither your son could have died the death he did, nor we have met here this evening; this is not the result of a special or constrained permission, but of a broad and general dispensation. I acknowledge that we are under his guidance; but, at the same time, he has left us the liberty of acting, reserving to himself the effects of general causes. Or, as the same poet has beautifully said, —

‘ And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.’ ”

During these observations the party, and particularly the Captain, remained in a deep silence; he, indeed, appeared completely absorbed in thought and painful remembrance. At length, when the Doctor had ended, he said, —

“ You talk of causes and effects, Dr. Freeman; I feel both. My present grief is, I know, the effect of my son’s death; his death, the cause of my sorrow. But I shall one day cease to

lament; I shall one day forget my affliction, when I am called away to join the Elect in the presence of God."

"If by 'Elect,'" replied the Doctor, "you mean those, 'who by a patient continuance in well doing,' have obtained 'glory and immortality,' I shall rejoice to sympathize in your feeling: but if I may judge from your notions on worldly things, and human events, that they are under the tyranny of fate and necessity, I much fear that you are alluding to that unchristian doctrine of a particular or individual election of some to happiness, and of others to condemnation."

"Your conjecture is certainly true," said the Captain, "for I most assuredly have faith in that election: and this belief is confirmed by the authority of Scripture."

"Not of Scripture rightly understood," rejoined the Doctor, "as I could satisfactorily prove, if time and circumstances admitted. You rely, I think, upon certain passages of Holy Writ, which seem to countenance this doctrine; and especially upon some of the writings of St. Paul, without considering the particular situation of those to whom he was

addressing himself. His observations had their exclusive and peculiar application, without any reference whatever to individuals. Were it not so, his writings would tend to counteract the spirit of the Gospel, of which he was so able and so zealous a promulger. They would tend to set at nought the teaching and preaching of Him 'who died for us;' and, consequently, they would render abortive all the Saviour's merits, and all his own labours. For why should the Saviour have suffered to be 'the propitiation of our sins,' if every man, by an absolute decree of God, be ordained to happiness, or fore-doomed to misery? Why should the Apostles have laboured, toiled, and hazarded their lives for the dissemination of the Christian religion, if of those to whom they preached the word of God, some were, of necessity, without any merit or demerit of their own, predestined to everlasting life, and others to everlasting punishment? This idea does, in truth, completely render futile all the sufferings, doctrine, and mediation of the blessed Jesus; and, therefore, it is but a mockery to exhort men to live well, and to cleave unto God. But such was not the opinion of the Apostle to whom 'the

Elect' look up as their advocate. Had he, highly gifted, inspired, and favoured as he was, believed in absolute election, he would not have expressed his apprehension, 'lest, after he had preached to others, he himself should be a castaway;' nor would he have exhorted us 'to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling.' Nor would 'the Captain of our salvation, who was made perfect through sufferings,' have gone about 'seeking to save the lost,' and exhorting all to turn unto him and live. He would not have reproved the world of sin, if the sinful could not avoid being so by a predestination to wickedness. He would not have invited mankind to take his yoke upon them, if they had not the power of doing so; nor would he have preached repentance unto everlasting life, if they who listened to his voice were already preordained to attain it. In short, he could not have died for the sins of all, unless all have the means or power granted them of partaking in the benefit of his precious death; and how can they experience that favour, who are destined uncontrollably to wickedness, without any chance or possibility of being good?"

"All this is very well," replied the Captain

"but how comes it, then, that many are called 'Elect,' and that the term is usual in Scripture; nay, it is said, that 'many are called, but few are chosen, or elect?'"

"Dr. Freeman gave you, I think, a very true description of the Elect," said Alexander Trustwell, who had listened with great attention, and had before felt strongly inclined to join in the discussion, "when he told you they were those who, through the merits of their Saviour, and the grace of God co-operating with their own imperfect yet sincere endeavours to serve him, were fulfilling, as far as they could, the law of Christ, and thus 'making their call and election sure.' Now by the word *call*, in this place, can only be meant that appeal or invocation which the preaching of the Gospel makes to all who are within the reach of its voice; and by *chosen*, or *elect*, we may understand those whom the Doctor just pointed out—those who, through faith and holiness, 'press forward to the prize of the mark of their high calling in Christ Jesus.'"

"But," rejoined the Captain, "is not this doctrine directly contrary to that of the Church, which asserts a predestination unto eternal life?

Are you not, in advancing those principles, swerving from those of the Establishment?"

"Allow me to answer that question," said Dr. Freeman. "These sentiments are the very spirit of our Church, and so far from being repugnant to her doctrine, they are the only clear and true exposition that can be given. In saying this, it is neither the intention of my friend Alexander, nor myself, to deny all and every kind of predestination: but then we must assert, that it consists only in the foreknowledge of God, and is confined to principles, not to individuals; to societies, and not to persons. Thus it would be derogatory to limit the knowledge of the Almighty to things past and present. The future is equally open and clear to him; for in his sight a thousand years are but as yesterday; and one essential quality of his nature is, that he comprehends in himself, what is expressed in his name, JEHOVAH, the past, present, and to come. But will it, or can it, be said, that this foreknowledge of God constrains, in the minutest degree, the actions of man? or, the predestination of the rewards of virtue and punishment of vice compels mankind to become either good or wicked? Because I know that if you drink

a large quantity of wine at one sitting, you will become intoxicated, does my foreknowledge of this compel you to turn Bacchanalian? Now, if I have this foreknowledge, which does not act upon your free will, — I who am an imperfect being, — how much more refined and tenuated must it be in the higher order of intelligences! and, extending the idea to the perfection of the Almighty, it must partake of that perfection, which, so far from destroying the freedom of our actions, ought rather, as it heightens the idea of God, to incline us to perform that which we know to be good and acceptable to him. But consider the Almighty to have fixed *irreversible* rewards for virtuous dealings, and *unavoidable* punishments for vicious practices, and call that Predestination or Election, and you solve a very complex and intricate difficulty. Hence they who practise virtue listen to the call of God, and are elected to everlasting life, and made sons of God; whilst they who abandon themselves to wickedness, and are deaf to the call of salvation, become reprobates and children of perdition. And as goodness is predestined to obtain salvation through the merits of Christ and the grace of God, and wickedness everlast-

ing punishment; so they who follow the one may be said, from their practising it, to be predestined to life; and they who cleave to the other, may, in like manner, be said to be predestined to death."

"Doctor," said Mr. Trustwell, "you have succeeded beyond what I could have conceived, in proposing a plain and manifest solution of a most difficult subject; a solution, in my view of things, the most consonant with the general scope of the Gospel, and the mercy of God; two things, of which we cannot entertain sufficient value, inasmuch as they contribute wholly and solely to our salvation; and I do trust, my good friend," addressing himself to the Captain, "that you will think upon what the Doctor has suggested, and calmly and dispassionately consider all that he has advanced. If you do so with sincerity and without prejudice, I think you will soon be convinced, that you have hitherto entertained wrong sentiments, and that you will naturally be induced to adopt not only others which are true, but those which are best calculated to assuage your grief, and give you rational and well-grounded hopes of happiness here and hereafter."

"Captain," said the Doctor, with a serious vehemence, "let such a consideration of true religion engage your mind, and let the rational ideas which have now been proposed have their due effect upon your heart and understanding; and the result, I am convinced, will be, to lead you to permanent comfort: they must do this if you give them their full scope; for instead of a partial and unjust God into which your predestination converts him, you will behold him a God of mercy, of long-suffering, of great kindness; one that invites rather than threatens; that comforts rather than distresses; that exalts rather than abases."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a somewhat ludicrous circumstance; for the Captain, who had marched undaunted up to the cannon's mouth, and never shrunk from the face of danger, much less from the ignition of tallow and cotton, had by some chance brought too near the rays of one of the candles to his head, which was 'silvered o'er' — but not with age. On this followed a blowing up — not of villanous saltpetre, nor of Congreve rockets, — not of American torpedoes, nor magazines charged with death and ruin — but of hair-powder! The

flame flickered and crackled, and yet burnt on; not quite so lambently, however, as the rays which licked the temples of the young Iülus. No bodily nor capital damage was sustained before the conflagration was extinguished; yet it was not accomplished before the whole of the capillary covering of the head was removed from its place, and the Captain's bald pate horrified the company. It was now for the first time discovered that he wore a wig! About twenty years before, on his return from the West Indies, he had been attacked by a fever, which rendered it necessary for him to have his head shaved; and as at that time he had a fine crop of hair, he had it converted into a wig, which was so well adjusted to his skull, that no one could discover the deception.

The scream of the ladies, when they saw the flame storming the strong-hold of the Captain, was converted into an unsmothered titter, almost amounting to a hearty laugh, when their eyes were able to penetrate half an inch nearer his pia mater. It was rather a ludicrous spectacle to see the son of Neptune, who had never before struck his colours, however beset with odds, now, with all imaginable speed, lowering

his main-top mast, and leaving his high deck quite dismantled. The Doctor and Mr. Trustwell maintained a tolerable share of gravity; but Alexander, in his buoyancy of hilarity, could not disguise his mirth. Casting a significant glance at the young ladies, and one no less expressive at the Doctor, he pretended to commiserate the Captain's catastrophe, and was very busy in assisting him, or rather he was contriving that the bald head should be so seen, that Gall or Spurzheim might have had time to form their sage decision on his cranium: for, bustling round him, this namesake of the Macedonian hero overwhelmed him with continued broadsides of commiseration, enquiries, and gratulations.

"Alas!" said the Man of Fate, "hard is my lot. I never have possessed any thing dear or valuable to me, which I have been careful to preserve, that has not been taken from me. To say nothing of those afflicting events which still distress and harass my mind, I have twice suffered by the power of fire. First, that noble production of my brain, — that masterly composition, which is a desideratum in the world of intelligence, was committed to the flames,

and thus all my hope of literary renown perished. And now, my wig, which has so long been faithful to its block, even when my arm was shot away, is sacrificed on the same shrine. What shall I do?"

"Do?" said Alexander; "get another."

"But where?" he ejaculated; "and what must I do till another be made for me?"

"Ladies," said Alexander, "this is a delicate question; but you see the sad plight in which our worthy friend is, have none of you a — I dare not say a wig — have none of you a substitute for hair, which you can lend him? Perhaps, Captain, my mother's turban, which is much at your service, will do?" — and here he was making a movement, as if to lay hold on it.

"Alexander!" said his sister, "you are provokingly sarcastic." She endeavoured in saying this to assume a grave look, but in spite of the effort, a sportiveness peered through her demureness, like a gleam of sunshine irradiating a dark cloud. "There is an old wig, belonging to our friend the barrister, hung up in papa's closet," said she, "which will perhaps supply the Captain's present necessities."

Away sprang Alexander, and soon returned with the much-wanted article, of which, however "*quantum dispar*," the captain was glad to avail himself. His grotesque figure, decked in the cap of knowledge, which belonged to a distant relation of Mr. Trustwell, an eminent barrister, who had casually left it at the last assizes, failed not to keep alive the inspiration of Euphrosyne. It suited his head almost as well as the barber's basin fitted the sapless skull of the knight of La Mancha.

"I think," said Alexander, in reply to the fatalist, who was attributing his casualty to the Parcæ, — "I think your misfortune this evening will be a cure for your ideas on Necessity, as you must be convinced there was no necessity for you to burn the outspinning of your head. And, I would ask, was it, think you, ordained by the Fates, that you should have a fever on your return from Barbadoes, — that your head should in consequence be shaved, and that Mr. Spannose or Mr. Any-body-else should convert your hair into a wig, which said memorable wig was doomed to be burnt by the flame of a candle, predestined to be made by Mr. Wicket, and placed in the socket of that

candlestick, which candlestick was to be moved by yourself into the unlucky place, which was found to be too hot a neighbourhood for your head? Besides, was it one of the dispensations of Fate or Necessity, that we should be ignorant of that important knowledge, your wearing a wig, till our eyes, by this fatal necessity, were compelled to be unwilling witnesses of this woeful sight? But if you think all this, in all its minutiæ, was fated, I only can say I know that I was under no necessity to go and fetch this existing wig from the third peg of my father's closet, and act your valet upon this particular occasion, except that I saw the sad necessity of doing a christian duty, 'clothing the naked.'"

"Captain!" said the Doctor, extending his hand to him, "my young friend has conveyed, in a lively and sprightly manner, a serious lesson, by the principles of which you may account for any of the events which afflict you. Guided by these, you will see that every effect proceeds from some cause, over which, in ourselves, in common matters like these, we have a directing power; but that is a poor excuse to give for any thing which happens, — that it was

necessitated to be; when at the same time we know that it was in our own power to prevent it. By divesting yourself of prejudice, and judging freely and rationally, you will see on what mean offices you employ the wisdom of Almighty Providence; and carrying your thoughts still higher, you will conclude, that though nothing is beneath his care, he has left us the liberty of will and action."

DOMICILIARY VISITS.

"WHAT a surprising advantage," said Dr. Freeman to his Curate, "does the Christian religion possess over any system of ethics or moral polity, which we know of, or can bring in comparison with it. Excepting the Jewish, indeed, which was the shadow of good things to come, there is nothing as an established form among all the wisdom of the ancients, which is at all comparable with it."

"The advantage," replied Mr. Deacon, "in my opinion, does not consist so much in precept or doctrine; for the moral commands of the Hebrews, and the wise sayings and opinions of the heathen philosophers, contain almost every duty, which religion, in a practical view, requires to be performed."

"How comes it, then," continued the Doctor, "that those wise sayings and opinions were not universally received? for, excepting the Mosaic law amongst the Hebrews, there was no

fixed code of morality in any nation, accessible or practised by the whole community. The conclusions of philosophers were too recondite for the understanding, if not for the adoption of the people in general; and however excellent these are in themselves, they never obtained that universal acceptation, which the principles of Christianity possess."

"This arises," replied Mr. Deacon, "I suppose, from the want of power to give sanction or obligation to them, in the persons who advanced them. And although the Grecian sages, each in his respective school, might inculcate, and require his doctrines to be observed among his followers and hearers, they had no means of power or persuasion to enforce them as a general standard. Hence, what a contrariety and clashing of sentiments and opinions we find among them! In later times, however, there has been found one exception to this in the person of Mahomet; but how? I would ask, and by what means? The force of arms and the energy of conquest, combined with the peculiarity of the times in which he appeared, exacted obedience to his dogmas,

with an influence which operates even to this day."

"Yes," interrupted the Doctor; "but contrast this with the Christian dispensation, and how does the advantage rest with us! As far as heavenly things excel earthly, so far does the religion of Christ excel that of the eastern impostor! Ours is a religion mild, inoffensive, benevolent, charitable, and calculated for every rank, situation, and people; and its propagation was not by the power of worldly wisdom, nor the clash of arms; neither by elaborate ratiocination nor temporal power, but by apparently humble and insignificant means. What, then, is it which gives it such a sanction? Its author, God, in the union of his twofold character, was both able to impress upon it its sanction, and found it upon a basis, against which 'not even the gates of hell shall prevail;' for though 'heaven and earth shall pass away,' this shall never fail — this shall never be lost! Admirable, infinitely admirable is that system of religion which acknowledges for its founder a Divine guide in our own nature, who, as he was 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' knows how to compassionate our afflictions and

pity our infirmities; and who, as he is the 'King of Glory and the Prince of Peace,' is able and willing to assist our necessities, supply our wants, and comfort us with his help and succour. Uniting the two natures of divine and human, as one he gave the obligation and sanction to his laws; and as the other, he best knew what was most suitable to those for whom these laws were enacted. Hence it is, that every situation of life finds a proportionate supply of heavenly favour and protection. Hence it is, that they who joy, may joy in truth; and they who suffer affliction may find relief, and a very 'present help in trouble.' How encouraging is this reflection to Christians, particularly to those who are beset with difficulties, to look up to their Lawgiver, and fix their hope upon him, 'who was made perfect through sufferings!'"

"Aye," said Mr. Deacon, taking up the subject, "how many feel this sweet assurance, and what a refined view, — what a steadfast confidence the Royal Psalmist entertained in this 'Rock of Ages,' in this 'Desire of Nations!' His example is a powerful one for all to emulate. You can scarcely read one of his sublime

productions without esteeming the man who composed them, and reverencing the God to whom those compositions are addressed. It was but last evening I was dwelling with delight on this particular subject, and employing myself in paraphrasing some of the Psalms; and here," said he, taking a paper out of his pocket, — "here is the rough copy of the three first verses of the twenty-seventh, which I have turned into verse.

"God is my light, my soul to cheer,
Whom then shall I have cause to fear?
God sends salvation from above,
What terrors then my heart can move?
My life, supported by his arm,
No fears molest, no foes alarm.

"When sin and guilt their powers combined,
And vengeance to my soul design'd,
Leagued with my foes, they furious stood,
Eager for prey, intent on blood,
Yet God their madness did controul,
And brought salvation to my soul.

"Though gathering hosts against me rage,
God shall the angry storm assuage,
And though war's terrors roll around,
God still my rock and shield is found;

For when supported by his arm,
No fears can move, no foes alarm."

Here a note was brought in from Mr. Stanley, requesting that the Doctor or his Curate would, on the morrow, come and baptize his child: the excuse for this was not alleged; the request only was made. The answer returned was merely that the Doctor would call on Mr. Stanley at the appointed time.

"Deacon," said the Doctor, "there is a growing shyness or indifference to baptism, which calls for the exertion of the ministry to correct, as it is without doubt prevailing among the fickle and unstable. I am much at a loss to account for this inconsistency, why this first principle of Christianity, this institution which is as necessary to salvation as breath to the life of man, should become a stumbling-block, or matter of indifference, to any who hope for redemption by the merits of Jesus Christ. I have thought much about it; and the more I reflect upon it, of the greater importance does it appear to me. We must devise some plan for correcting this prevailing error, and let us take every opportunity of practically inveighing

against it; indeed, let it be understood in future that in no case, excepting in that of actual danger, shall baptism be privately administered. If the parents will undertake to say, they consider their children's lives in danger, let the request, in such instances, be complied with; but in no other case whatever."

On the following morning Dr. Freeman was conducted, by a female servant, to Mr. Stanley's counting-room, and by him taken to the room where his wife was sitting; and as he led him into it — "Doctor," said he, "we have taken the liberty of sending for you to baptize our child; not that the child is ill, but Mrs. Stanley was anxious to have it named to spare us the trouble of going to the church; and as it is much the same whether it be done here or there, we thought it best to avoid the inconvenience of getting people to stand as sponsors."

"Sir," said the Doctor, "I suspected there might be some motive of this kind which induced you to send for me. I admire your candour; but, at the same time, I must beg to be equally free in my observations. So then, it seems, I am sent for merely to suit your convenience, and not from any conviction of the importance of

baptism. Now this is what I deprecate. That a minister of this or any parish should at all times be ready, ‘ in season and out of season,’ to attend to the spiritual wants of his flock, I hold to be a most indispensable duty; but that his readiness to perform this duty should expose him to be sent for as a matter of convenience to any one, is by no means to be tolerated. If such be your motives, you will excuse me, Sir, when I say that either your notions on the efficacy of baptism are perverse, or you have no notions at all respecting it. In either case, I must endeavour to set you right.”

“ Sir,” replied Mr. Stanley, “ I was baptized in the Church, and so were my forefathers. Why we were so, when children, I never could clearly or satisfactorily understand, except that we might have our registers duly entered, as to our age, which might at some time or another be of service to us. I cannot see the use of baptizing infants, because they cannot understand either the nature or service of it, nor can they answer for themselves.”

“ Even as I suspected,” replied the Doctor; “ perversion has been at work; and indifference, or something worse, is the effect produced. So

then it appears that the only use of Christian baptism, in your opinion, is the convenience of a register! Good God! what a sentiment to be uttered by one who bears the Christian name! Was it for such a low and worldly object as this that the Saviour came into the world to preach repentance unto life by baptism and remission of sins? Surely, Sir, you have suffered your best feelings to be laid asleep, or put aside, by the introduction of fallacy and error. You have been made an instrument of some one who, by his gloss of speech, has undermined your faith, and warped your judgment. You have imbibed the sentiments and opinions of a sect, which is 'compassing sea and land to make proselytes.' But, Sir, let me exhort you to think seriously before you forsake the first principles of your Christian profession—"

They were now interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Waterford, who was known to the Doctor only as the minister of a new chapel, lately built within sight of the venerable Church. His presence soon solved the mystery of Mr. Stanley's opinions, and confirmed the Doctor's suspicions. As is customary with men of his

stamp, there was a certain something about him which savoured of shyness mixed up with professional assurance. The embarrassment of his manner formed a striking contrast with the dogmatical freedom of his speech. The topic under discussion when he entered was soon adverted to, and became the subject of their conversation.

"I should be glad to know," said the Doctor, "what reasons you have to differ from our Church, in respect of baptism; and, as we are on the subject, speak to me candidly, and I will reply to you in the same spirit."

"We object not to baptism as a Christian ordinance or badge," was the reply; "but to infant baptism; and for this reason: infants cannot comprehend the vows which are required of them in the observance of this rite; they cannot understand any thing about it; and therefore is it not quite absurd, and a mockery, to perform it upon them?"

"No, Sir; it is neither absurd nor a mockery; and I hope you will be convinced of this, when I have explained to you, what I charitably think you do not yet understand, — the nature of baptism. The Jewish system of religion was founded by God himself, and was adapted, both for pre-

vention and practice, to the state, disposition, and nature of the Hebrews. It was only 'a shadow of good things to come.' All its ordinances conveyed some type of that perfect law which was to be given for the adoption of all mankind. Without, however, noticing other types and figures, I will confine my observations to that which was a shadow of Christian baptism, the rite of circumcision. Now this rite was imposed upon male infants at the age of eight days: and this by the express command of the Almighty himself, as a token of admission into the covenant of mercy and favour entered into between God and the Jews. It was not only the mark by which they were distinguished from other nations which knew not God, but an earnest of their participation or share in all the benefits of the Mosaic law and Jewish constitution. In like manner, then, Christian Baptism was ordained by the same Almighty Power, as a more perfect rite by which we are admitted into that covenant of grace, mercy, and redemption, which the Saviour of mankind sealed with his blood. And as it was the completion of that type which Jewish circumcision exhibited, so does it coincide with

it in all respects, as far as substance can correspond with shadow, or things spiritual agree with things human. Now there is no need, nor can any reason be given, why in things that required no change any alteration should be made. It was not necessary, therefore, that the time ordained for the observance of each rite should materially differ. And if we consult the analogy which may be drawn between other Jewish types which have received their accomplishment in Christian ordinances, we shall find ample reason to warrant this conclusion. I will merely instance the close similarity existing between the Jewish Passover and the Christian Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, particularly as to time and cause. The institution of each corresponds very closely. One, the night before the deliverance of the Jews from Egyptian bondage; the other, before the salvation of man was accomplished from the dominion of sin and death. And the reason why these ordinances are to be observed, is, as well for a thankful remembrance, as a means of continuing those benefits. By the same analogy, Baptism and Circumcision bear a close affinity to one another, in respect of time and cause. It must also be remembered that

God decreed or ordained them both; the first for the Jews solely and exclusively, the other for all mankind."

"But, Sir," said Mr. Waterford, "your argument requires some stronger proof than what you now advance; your defence of infant baptism rests upon an unsubstantial foundation if it has no better corner-stone for its basis than types and shadows. I am of opinion, that they are rather to be defended by their substances, than their substances by them."

"I beg your pardon," replied the Doctor: "in making the rite of circumcision one ground of my defence, I only use a method of argument adopted by the Apostles themselves, who thought it worthy of their reasoning. I see no reason why we should think ourselves wiser than they who were guided by the Spirit of inspiration, and better qualified to adorn the Christian doctrine with truth and wisdom than we are: this position, therefore, I contend, is strong and valid, and the analogy powerful and convincing."

"Yet, Sir, you never read in Scripture, which is our authority, that children were brought to be baptized, as in your Church; on the contrary, all that we read of were upgrown men and women."

"You *never* read," replied the Rector, "that children were *not* baptized, or that they ever were excluded from this rite: and this is certainly entitled to as much authority as your observation. But I will go further, and say, that if we have not positive, we have indirect, evidence for infant baptism; and we have better reasons to advance for it, than you have against it. The first instance, then, which I shall adduce, is that which our blessed Lord himself gave us, illustrative as well of his 'affection for, as his care over, children.' In this, you see the Lamb of God, in the discharge of his mediatorial duty, taking up in his arms young children, laying his hands upon them, and blessing them. Now your objection to the inability of babes to be admitted by baptism into the Christian covenant, would apply as much to this lovely action of the Saviour as to our form of baptism. Here then at least is one instance which gives sanction to the act of blessing babes, and performing upon them that which they cannot comprehend. But there is another reason why baptism should be performed on infants, rather than on adults; which is this: we are all, by reason of the sin of our first parents, called 'original sin,' subject to sin and death, for the 'wages of sin is

death;' but by the merits and sufferings of our great High Priest, we are admitted into a state of reconciliation with God, 'whose gift is everlasting life,' and put into a way of obtaining it, since Christ is become 'the Author of Salvation to every one that believeth.' As therefore, even before our birth, we are subject to the condemnation of God, and as through the mediation of the Saviour that condemnation is obviated by our admission into his covenant and the fellowship of grace; so ought it to be our aim, to avail ourselves of that means of life, as soon as we are born into the world. Again, as that grace or favour is given to us solely for the merits of Christ, and without any desert on our part, it is given to the infant who understands it not, as truly and as perfectly as to the adult who fully comprehends it; for in both cases, it is only a means, a necessary means, of salvation, and not the absolute ensurance of it. Surely, then, 'the danger is great' in those who neglect the performance of a rite which confers upon us such inestimable blessings."

"Do you mean to assert, then," enquired the Baptist, "that a person dying without baptism is excluded from the mercies of God?"

"I will not take upon myself the office of the

Almighty, to judge any one," replied the Doctor. "There are sins of omission as well as commission; and though I dare not assert that a child dying without baptism is condemned, yet I will affirm, that they who have neglected to bring it to the Christian font are hazarding a danger, from which I should shrink with apprehension. On them, not on the infant, rests the danger of condemnation."

"Be this as it may, how do you account for the fact which I advanced before," asked Mr. Waterford, "that all those who were baptized by the Apostles were adults?"

"By this simple reason," replied the Doctor. "How could any person be baptized to Christianity before he became a convert to it? Now it is not only evident, but incontrovertible, that baptism was the first step resorted to after conversion to the faith of the Saviour; and there is no instance of its ever being delayed. It was by the Apostles performed always in the *very beginning* of the Christian course: they looked upon it as necessary to regeneration, and therefore did not procrastinate its performance."

"But they who were baptized were able to answer for themselves," continued Mr. Water-

ford; "that is, they were adults; they could comprehend the true force of it, and take a lively part and interest in it."

"They were so," rejoined the Doctor; "but they were also 'babes in Christ,' as St. James observes; and in this sense we are to consider them; but in our days the case is widely different. The Gospel tidings of salvation were then only beginning to be published: its converts and disciples could only, therefore, be those who could judge for themselves. None others could receive baptism; which, I must repeat, was always *the first step* after they abjured their former errors. But in a Christian land, in which all who are born are born to the instruction of Christianity, and in which the first breath of life must be the first breath of their Christian course, it is necessary that this admission into the dispensation of love and mercy should be at the very beginning of life, that is, in infancy. Another instance has just struck me. When Paul and Silas baptized the keeper of the prison at Derbe, they not only baptized *him*, but *all* that belonged to him. In like manner, Lydia and *all* her house were baptized. Now, if whole families were admitted into that rite, at the very

beginning of their conversion, as an earnest of their regeneration and sincerity, — is it not likely, is it not rational to suppose, that there would be among them persons of all ages, and that some of these persons were children? Indeed, as there is no injunction against the admission of infants, is it not a strong argument in favour of it? otherwise, would not some prohibition have been given? Again, as this proves that the proselytes to Christianity were baptized in order to be admitted into its privileges and blessings, without any regard to age or sex, and this without delay; it is a fair inference to conclude that those who are born in a Christian country, must, in conformity with this primitive and apostolic practice, be baptized in infancy. How else could the words of the Saviour, that all nations should be baptized in his name, have their full effect and completion? for, as by far the greater number of mortals die in infancy, the admission into the Christian covenant by means of baptism, without which 'there is no remission of sins,' would be confined to one part of mankind, and that the smaller part of the Christian world, which in itself implies a contradiction. As to the sprinkling of infants instead

of immersion, we will not dispute much about that. If any one desire immersion, our Church will not refuse it; and our Fonts were originally made large enough for the purpose. The difference of climate between this country and Judea is a sufficient reason for neglecting immersion, and using only the sprinkling of water. Besides, we learn from the Scriptures, that sprinkling was the ancient form of ablution, or cleansing, or expiating. And certainly, a few drops of water, with God's blessing, may be as efficacious as whole oceans. The efficacy rests with God; the means are only to be used by man. You are likewise aware, Mr. Waterford, of the constitutional danger of immersion, as there is one of your followers now in a dying state, in consequence of a cold caught from being dipped.

"There is one thing more I would advance on this subject. In order to obviate the inconveniency of the inability of children, our Church, in imitation of the primitive custom, requires, that certain persons, called *Sponsors*, should answer in the name of the child for the performance of those vows required in baptism, until they come to years of discretion to answer for

themselves; and as they promise to take care that those children should be brought up to lead 'a godly life,' and be instructed in those goodly forms of faith which are necessary for a Christian 'to know and believe for his soul's health,' the performance necessarily becomes on them a two-fold duty. And as sponsors are only required to do this in case of any neglect or any casualty of parents, and as this is a service required of them by the Church in the name of God, they are called *Godfathers* and *Godmothers*; from which it is evident that parents can by no means be proper persons to undertake that office, since they are already bound by the ties of affection to perform this duty, and sponsors are only called upon to act in cases of their inability or neglect. Did time permit I could enlarge on these points; but I hope I have said enough, Mr. Stanley, to change your sentiments on this important subject."

"Dr. Freeman," said Mr. Stanley, "I regret we should have given you any trouble upon this occasion; but since it appears that you are not justified in complying with our request, we cannot press it further:" — and here the matter ended.

Whilst the Doctor was teaching and exhorting in the house of Mr. Stanley, his worthy coadjutor had been witnessing an interesting scene in another part of the town. He had called upon a widow lady who resided not far from his lodgings, and with whom he had, on former occasions, enjoyed many a pleasant hour. She was at present suffering under a severe indisposition, brought on by a complication of causes; and she was therefore glad to see Mr. Deacon, who bore a strong resemblance to her dear and only son, who at this time was absent not only from his home, but from his country. Her husband's brother, who had been almost half a century resident in Jamaica, and who had in that time amassed property to a considerable amount, had lately died, and left the whole of it to his brother's children as some atonement for the injustice and neglect with which he had formerly treated his worthy but less fortunate brother, who had been called hence a few years before, leaving a widow and two children, with little more than the memory of his virtues to support them. The son, indeed, a few years older than his sister, had been some little time called to the Bar, and his talents in the law recom-

mended him to public patronage no less than his virtues as a man conciliated to him esteem and reputation. He had been several years betrothed to Marian Hargrave, an amiable young lady, orphan of a respectable but poor clergyman, who, since her mother's death, had been residing with a distant relation in the neighbourhood of the town. In the absence of Mr. Eustace she had come to spend a short time with his mother and sister, whom she hoped one day to call by the same endearing titles. Her visit had been productive of so much pleasure and satisfaction, that it was protracted from time to time, and was at length intended to be terminated a few days before his return. His letters, which had been not unfrequent, tended greatly to tranquillize their spirits, for they were written in a cheerful style, which breathed only of future happiness and pleasing anticipations, attempered and regulated by a rational sense and feeling of religion. Indeed nothing could more truly evince the heavenly spirit and ameliorating tendency of Religion over the heart of man, under all circumstances of life, than the demeanor of this family. When adversity threatened, they were steadfast and faithful; when sickness

afflicted, they were calm and resigned; when distress assailed, they were tranquil, as those 'who have a hope;' and, above all, when unlooked-for wealth was showered upon them, they were humble, grateful, and unfeigned Christians. And now, when the light, the comfort, the support of their family circle, was absent in a distant and unhealthy clime, their hope was in God; and their whole deportment showed, by its even tenor, in whom they trusted. Religion was the halcyon of their life, cheerfulness the inmate of their dwelling, and peace the sunshine of their breast. They were superior to the frailties and passions of the world, but they despised not its proper enjoyments and advantages: they mixed not with the frivolous, but they courted the esteem and society of the rational and well-informed. No wonder that one of Mr. Deacon's mind derived satisfaction from the society of such a family; for though it is sweet to paint the loveliness of virtue, it is more delightful to witness its effect.

He had called this morning to make enquiries after the health of the family, and to read to Mrs. Eustace, who always derived comfort and support from his society. On being introduced

into the apartment where the young ladies were sitting, Miss Hargrave immediately called upon him for the fulfilment of a promise he had long made, to write something in her Album. "And here, Mr. Deacon," said she, "here the book lies open inviting your contribution, which 'however small, will be gratefully received.'" As he was fully prepared for the demand, he immediately sat down, and wrote the following lines, in imitation of Walter Scott: —

"For me, oh World! no chaplet weave:
Thy frowns I fear not, nor believe
Thy wanton smiles, and summer glow,
Deceptive as retiring snow:
For me thy grandeur's all too high,
And danger lurks its steps too nigh:
Then not for me thy chaplet weave;
For all thy pleasures but deceive.

"Let Beauty, with its eye of fire,
With madd'ning love the gay inspire;
Let War, in panoply array'd,
Unsheath the chieftain's ready blade;
Let Glory rear its plumed crest,
And dazzle with its glitt'ring vest:
Yet not for me thy chaplet weave;
Thy smiles are false — thy hopes deceive.

"Let the full cup of Pleasure teem
With draughts from fair Calypso's stream,
Which shrouds the soul's immortal flame
Beneath the brute's degraded frame;
Tho' fair the flow'rs that here entice,
All, all too costly is the price:
Such chaplet, therefore, do not weave;
The flow'rs decay — the draughts deceive.

"Nor weave for me Ambition's wreath,
It is the bloody meed of death;
Asp-like, foul murder nestles there,
Entwined with folds of grim despair!
And, oh! weave not the wreath that binds
The brows of sordid, selfish minds:
Like these entwine no wreaths for me,
They show too much, oh World, of thee!

"Nor the bright wreath of riches twine,
Dug from Golconda's purest mine;
Nor dazzling stones, that proudly gem
An empire's envied diadem.
No; twine for me the Christian's crown,
Be virtue still my best renown;
And let the wreath that decks my brow
From pure Religion's branches grow."

Mr. Deacon had scarcely finished reading these lines, before the newspaper was brought in by the postman. He took it up, with the intent of reading to the ladies such parts as might be most interesting. Under the head of Ship News, was an account of the loss of a

vessel homeward bound from Jamaica, which had been wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, and in which every soul had perished. Among these, it was said, there was a gentleman of the name of E. W. E., who was returning from Jamaica, whither he had been to take possession of a large property left him by an uncle. There was something in this account so striking, and bearing so close a resemblance to Mr. Eustace, that little doubt could be entertained but that the delight of his family, the amiable and accomplished lover of Miss Hargrave, was no more. The former part of the paragraph was read aloud; but before Mr. Deacon reached the conclusion of it, his voice faltered, and the paper fell from his hands. In dreadful alarm and fearful presentiment, the two young ladies gazed upon him. Terror had sealed their lips.

Mr. Deacon soon recovered himself, and the tear which stole from his eye indicated returning sensibility, and a weighty cause for grief. "My dear friends," he said, "this life is, indeed, a chequered scene; pain is lurking under the shadow of pleasure, and affliction nestles under the wings of enjoyment. Hope not for

perfect happiness in this world; rather prepare yourselves to hear of misfortune. Pray to God that you may learn how to bear afflictions."

"Oh, tell us, tell us," was the urgent request; "tell us what has happened. For Heaven's sake, keep us not in suspense. What evil have we to encounter?"

"My dear, dear friends," said the Curate, "mine is a painful task, mine is an unwelcome office. I fear to relate, — and yet you must be made acquainted with it. My tongue falters: — but be calm, be composed, be tranquil, and I will relate the dreadful tidings. Your brother ——"

"What of my brother?" interrupted Miss Eustace: "Oh! kill me not by saying that he has suffered any thing."

"Your brother," he resumed, "has, I fear, been lost in his passage homeward!"

"Oh, God!" burst from the lips of the friends, as speechless with astonishment, and statue-like with grief, they sank backward on the sofa.

"Gracious Heaven!" ejaculated Mr. Deacon, "impart thy strength to aid me in this trying hour, that I may be the humble instrument of

pouring the balm of consolation into those hearts thus swelled with grief, and agonized with affliction." — He durst not alarm the family, lest the news should reach the mother, and prove too much for her feeble frame. Such remedies as were within his reach he applied, and returning animation gave him encouragement to proceed.

"Oh, God! righteous art thou in all thy ways: thou triest us to prove us," said the afflicted sister, and the big flood of tears relieved her struggling heart. "My brother, my dear brother! art thou gone? Oh, my poor mother! how will she bear this? Marian, my dear friend, my dearest Marian, speak to me!"

A deep groan was the only reply, accompanied with a look of bitterest anguish. At length throwing her arms round the neck of her friend, she burst into tears.

With the tenderest sympathy Mr. Deacon stood by, watching the emotions and suffering of the friends. He knew it was vain at present to interfere; for, like a torrent that has burst its bounds, grief will have its course. He stood like a pitying angel; and though his own

sorrow was deep, he felt alone for them, and them he wished to succour. At length he said, "My dear creatures, afflict not thus yourselves! Remember you are Christians; that your hopes are not limited to this world, for here you are 'strangers and sojourners, who are seeking a better country, even a heavenly one!' I know it is hard, nay impossible, to resist the workings of nature and affection; but yet it is our duty to moderate and keep them within due limits. Your grief has had its vent, and you have submitted to the impulse of your nature; let Reason resume her throne, and let Religion pour out for you its horn of salvation, and open for you its refuge. Whilst I admire your affection, and sympathize with your sorrow, (for we have all lost a tender brother, a faithful friend, and an endearing companion,) I would still remind you that a serious and weighty duty demands your care. You have hitherto felt for yourselves, — you must now devise some means to break this dreadful intelligence to your mother. Alas! how shall we comfort her? But why shall we doubt? Our God is gracious: — he will not always be angry; for with the affliction he will send the

means of succour to sustain us in the trial; and he has given us many instances to encourage our hope, and strengthen our faith in him. Recollect the Royal Psalmist; and now, since he who is dear to us cannot be given back to us on earth, let us endeavour to console ourselves in the way that he did, and say, 'Wherefore should we weep, we cannot bring him back again? we shall go to him, but he shall not return to us?' Let us more fervently put our trust in God, and he will send us down the comfort of his Holy Spirit to soothe our grief and allay our sorrows. My only concern is, how we may best convey this afflicting news to your mother. Who will undertake the office?"

"I will!" — said a voice that trembled with emotion. It was the voice of Eustace himself, who sprang forward, and clasped to his heart in an ecstasy of overflowing joy those dear and astonished beings who so lately were bewailing his death, and lamenting his loss.

After the first burst of overwhelming surprise had passed, and something like reason had succeeded, (for excess of joy is as dangerous as excess of sorrow,) the lost one en-

quired what was the message which they wished to be conveyed to his mother. "And where is she?" said he; "why is she not here? I hope no evil has befallen her: satisfy my scruples, I beseech you."

"My dear, dear brother," said his sister, "and are you really here? Oh, how have we been deceived! What were we suffering on your account! My dear Marian, rejoice with me, the lost one is returned; it becomes us to be thankful. Mr. Deacon, you shared in our sorrow; come, and participate in our joy."

The heart of Miss Hargrave had, during this interval, undergone so violent a struggle, that it seemed awhile suspended. Joy had succeeded grief so rapidly and so powerfully, that it was almost more than her refined feelings could sustain. Her silence was eloquence, and the language of her looks "spoke unutterable things."

"Your mother," said Mr. Deacon, who wished to regulate this ecstatic scene by the admixture of something that might recall them to what was yet to be performed; "your mother, my dear fellow, is at present much indisposed; and I fear the suddenness of your coming may

be too much for her, if you break in upon her at once. We were consulting how we should announce to her the tidings of your death: it is as necessary that we should be careful in apprising her of your unexpected but welcome return."

"My death, say you! What is it you mean?"

"This paragraph," continued Mr. Deacon, "will explain the mystery."

"I was apprehensive," said Eustace, "that some evil tidings might reach you, as I learned, when we landed at Portsmouth, two days after the date of this paragraph, that it was reported our vessel had been lost. We encountered a tremendous storm, but He was with us who controuls the waves, 'though they rage horribly.' We experienced the truth of the prophet's words,—'when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'—Deacon, my dear friend, teach me to be thankful: remind me of that beautiful prayer, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord?' Should I ever presume on my good fortune, and worldly

blessings, so as to show any indifference in my religious and social duties, let your friendly voice warn me from the danger, and your brotherly hand draw me back to humility."

"Adversity," said Mr. Deacon, "is an evil more tolerable than prosperity; for, what strength cannot accomplish, insinuation or flattery often undermines. But a well-regulated mind, modelled upon the doctrines of the Gospel, and directed by Christian principles, will be found the best proof against trials of either temptation. They are in the greatest danger of being overcome who are governed by feelings, and swayed by impulse; for they are like persons who enter the arena of combat unarmed, relying upon their own strength, and the effect of chance. Cleave only to those principles which have been the rule of your past life, and submit yourself to the good providence of God, giving him the glory, and practising the duties enjoined by the Gospel. Your gratitude to Heaven will be evinced by your deportment to your fellow-men, and by your own cheerful and serene conversation. In this, therefore, persevere as you have begun, and Heaven, which has other blessings in store for you, (casting a

glance at Miss Hargrave,) will not cease to be gracious."

Here a message from Mrs. Eustace, requesting the attendance of her daughter, interrupted them. It was agreed that she should obey the summons, and intimate that Mr. Deacon was below, who was delegated to announce tidings of unexpected happiness. This arrangement served a double purpose; for whilst it contributed to prepare Mrs. Eustace for the trial of joy which awaited her, it gave the lovers an opportunity of indulging more freely in that interchange of endearments, and reciprocity of love, which virtue and true affection ever inspire.

"My dear Madam," enquired Mr. Deacon, "I hope you are better?"

"I thank you: I have had a good night, and feel much refreshed; but," continued she, addressing her daughter, "have there been any letters, my dear Selina, from your brother to-day?"

"There has been an account from him, from which we learn, that by this time, beyond our anticipations, he is on his way to make you and all his friends happy," she replied.

"How truly," said Mr. Deacon, "are the mercies of the Lord manifested in his dealings with the children of men! Like the good patriarch of old, you shall again see your son, and give him your blessing. He comes to bring you comfort; and in due time, which may Heaven long avert, to close your eyes in peace. Even now, perhaps, he is landed in England! Even now, perhaps, he is travelling homeward, anxious to press you to his heart, and gladden your aged eyes! Even now, he is near you, and only waits for the opportunity to say, 'Bless me, also, oh, my mother!'"

"Heaven grant it!" she exclaimed: "to see him will restore me to health; and to clasp him in my arms will almost make me young again."

"You soon shall be restored then," said Mr. Deacon, "for your son is already come; and here he is to vouch the truth of what I say."

Eustace himself was there, and Marian at his side. A touching scene ensued, more easily to be conceived and felt than described.

"I have longed for this moment," said the dutiful son, the affectionate brother, the constant lover, and the steadfast friend. "Yes, with

fond anticipation have I dwelt upon the hour of my return, when I could embrace my dearest friends, and welcome them to share in my happiness. My joy overflows. — Absent from my home, and on a foreign coast, I counted each hour a day, till I set sail for the spot which contains my best of earthly treasures. Oft, when wandering through plantations of cooling green, which form refreshing shades against the violence of the scorching sun, I have thought on my native home, and found consolation in thus giving existence to my reflections: —

My native home, my native home,
As here in distant lands I roam,
My thoughts unconscious turn to thee,
Dear spot of guileless infancy!

'In thee is every joy on earth,
Nurse of my sires, land of my birth!
For thee, my feelings ever burn,
Oh, when shall I to thee return?

'Land of the free, my native soil,
Where plenty blesses those who toil,
And where Religion's lovely vest
Is mildest seen, and honour'd best!

'What though in thee no viands grow —
Its front dark Slavery dares not show,
But Justice bares for all her sword,
And every Peasant is a Lord.

'My native home, my native home!
Soon, soon to thee, my steps shall come,
When from my active duties free,
Dear spot of guileless infancy!'

"When on the peaceful Sabbath-day I have viewed labour relax from its toil, and slavery cease from its burden, I have blessed the wise Institutor of that blessing; and when my repeater told me it was the hour for my family at home to obey the summons to Divine worship, which has called successive generations to the same house of prayer, I have loved to repeat, dear Marian, your favourite lines: —

'I love to hear the village bell;
To me its rude and simple knell
Discourses of that happier time,
When honest duty was no crime.

'How many an ear, an eye, a tongue,
Now closed in death, when this hath rung,
Hath listen'd, look'd, and talk'd its praise,
In England's less-divided days.

'For then it told, in solemn tone,
Of some dear friend or neighbour gone,
And spoke a language all confest,
When gain'd the dead their long, last rest.

'And weekly, when the Sabbath came,
It roused devotion's native flame;
Its cheerful note the hinds obey'd,
And none by cav'ling doubts were sway'd.

'Man was not then so prone to change,
For sudden fancies wild and strange;
Nor had he left that path to God,
Which his forefathers erst had trod.

'Hence do I love thy simple knell,
And e'en thy cov'ring, village bell,
And all that speaks of times gone by,
So full of honest piety.

'Oh! when I feel death's leaden sleep,
When friends around my coffin weep,
May thy rude, venerable knell,
Waft to my soul its last farewell!'

"Do not think me tedious. My heart dilates so much with joy, that I cannot restrain the utterance of my thoughts — they must have passage. I am returned to my country, and to all that are dear to me. I am thankful for this blessing, and humbly confess it is the Lord's

doing. To him, therefore, let us be grateful. Henceforward let us trust in his mercy, since we have at all times, and especially now, found him both gracious and merciful. To him let us offer the 'voice of thanksgiving, with such as make holiday.'"

"My dear friends," said Mr. Deacon, "you have my most sincere and hearty congratulations. My presence cannot add to your joy. In a few days I shall feel happy to repeat my visit. In the meantime, farewell!"

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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